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FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / MAY 1967

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For Methodist Families / May 1967

After-Hour Jottings . . . Within the next few days, a member of our editorial staff will look toward the bottom of this page and reluctantly pencil out the name of the man who painted **this month's cover** picture (of which more will be said later), as well as seven others in this issue.

The painter is **Floyd A. Johnson**, art editor of TOGETHER since the first issue in October, 1956, and the first member of our staff employed by Leland D. Case, founding editor. This month Floyd will retire after 11 years with the magazine.

During that time, Floyd has done more than 150 full-page or double-page oil and watercolor illustrations, innumerable others in black and white, and page layouts beyond counting. A special exhibit of his paintings was one of the popular attractions at Methodism's bicentennial observance in Baltimore last year.

In the office he is known as "Floyd," or—on memos—as "FAJ." A friendly man

(Continued on page 2)

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Editorial Director: **Ewing T. Wayland** / Editor: **Richard C. Underwood** / Managing Editor: **Paige Carlin** / Art Editor: **Floyd A. Johnson** / Associate Editors: **Ernestine C. Cofield, Newman Cryer, Helen Johnson, George P. Miller, Ira M. Mohler, Charles E. Munson, Herman B. Teeter, Willmon L. White** / Assistants: **Judith J. Wayland, Anne McGuire** (news), **Bobbie Moore** (research), **Loretta Carlson** (production), **Robert C. Goss** (art), **Martha Lane** (manuscripts) / Contributing Editor: **James M. Wall** / Press and Church Relations Manager: **Herbert E. Langendorff** / Business-Circulation Manager: **Warren P. Clark** / Advertising Manager: **John H. Fisher** / Promotion Manager: **Lewis G. Akin** / Fulfillment Manager: **Robert O. Vandergriff.**
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JOTTINGS/ *(Continued from page 1)*

of medium height, with a jovial face and silver hair, he laughs as heartily at himself as with others—for his sense of humor is as extraordinary as it is self-effacing. He doesn't appear to be a man nearing 65, nor does he act the part.

When Floyd—accompanied by his wife, Mildred—went to California to gather material for the Mother Lode paintings in this issue, he worked as photographer and reporter as well as artist. Both he and Mildred brought back copious, well-organized notes for the associate editor who wrote the text and caption material for the paintings and related Mother Lode features on pages 30-41.

Mildred's notes on the trip are revealing sidelights on her husband.

At Columbia, the model town for Floyd's double-spread painting on pages 36-37, Mildred wrote of such "a lazy feeling in the air that you couldn't hurry if you wanted to . . . For all but Floyd Johnson, however. When Floyd sees something beautiful, he gets as excited as a little dog! He fairly pants with excitement as he darts here and there taking pictures to paint later. He must see a picture at every turn of his head!"

Traveling along the Mother Lode's highway 49—the "Golden Chain" described in more detail on page 41—the Johnsons visited churches, talked with pastors and historians, explored, and stopped often to pass the time of day with plain folks along the way.

The things that impressed them a great deal, yet not directly related to Methodism, were the huge wheels depicted on this month's cover. Sixty-eight feet high, these wheels lifted residue from a gold mill at Jackson, Calif., passing it over two hills to an impounding dam.

The Johnson assignment in Gold-Rush country did not pass without a share of tragicomic incidents, however.

Mildred writes:

"I fell in Placerville and ruined a pair of hose, dirtied my suit, and left the skin of my knee on the street.

"Floyd backed into a berry patch in Coloma [Editor's note: For a photograph, no doubt!]. But here in Mariposa, when going to the gold mine, the minister who was guiding us climbed a fence and jumped over.

"Floyd, thinking he was the same age (about 40), jumped, too. His feet did not realize it was a hillside, and skidded out from under him when he landed. Floyd's head hit a rock and the camera, which hung around his neck, flew up and hit him in the mouth, breaking the corners off two front teeth."

Back in the office, our art editor proudly displayed his teeth for a few days, had them capped, and went about the job of putting the Mother Lode in oils. Happily, more of his paintings will appear in future TOGETHERs.

Since completing the Mother Lode series more than a year ago, Floyd has painted a number of historical and current themes which will appear as single illustrations from time to time.

Born on a farm near the northern Missouri town of Queen City, Floyd married his childhood sweetheart, Mildred Hays, in 1924. He worked for the Cowles publications in Des Moines, illustrating a syndicated weekly magazine section and helping to design the first issues of *Look* magazine. He returned to advertising in 1944, and subsequently served as art director for many large national accounts (Coca Cola, Dodge, Plymouth, Quaker Oats) and won many awards as a fine arts painter in oils and watercolor.

Artist Floyd Johnson: 'He must see a painting at every turn of his head!'

His honors have been many, and his friends stretch from coast to coast. "But," Floyd Johnson said to us only yesterday, "I think I will remember my years with TOGETHER with the greatest pleasure. Here, I feel, I have been able to do something worthwhile for my church. It is a privilege given to few artists."

It is only coincidence that an article on **Frank Williams**, rocket scientist, appears in the last issue [see page 57] that will bear Floyd Johnson's name as art editor. The artist was present when Associate Editor Newman Cryer went to meet Mr. Williams at O'Hare International Airport in Chicago.

"Floyd Johnson!" the scientist exclaimed. "Why, did you know that Floyd and Mildred were sponsors of a young-adult church group my wife and I attended back in Dayton, Ohio, in the '50s?"

Yes, even then, Floyd Johnson was doing something for his church—and others. —*Your Editors*

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Page 2—Mildred Johnson • 8—Courtesy of West Virginia Wesleyan College • 30—Courtesy E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento, Calif. • 49—C. W. Frase • 51—The Rev. R. Dennis Bowers • 57-58-59-60—Don Rutledge, Black Star • 61—From *Yankee Sails the Nile* by Irving and Electa Johnson, courtesy W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. • 22-23-24-25-26-48—George P. Miller.

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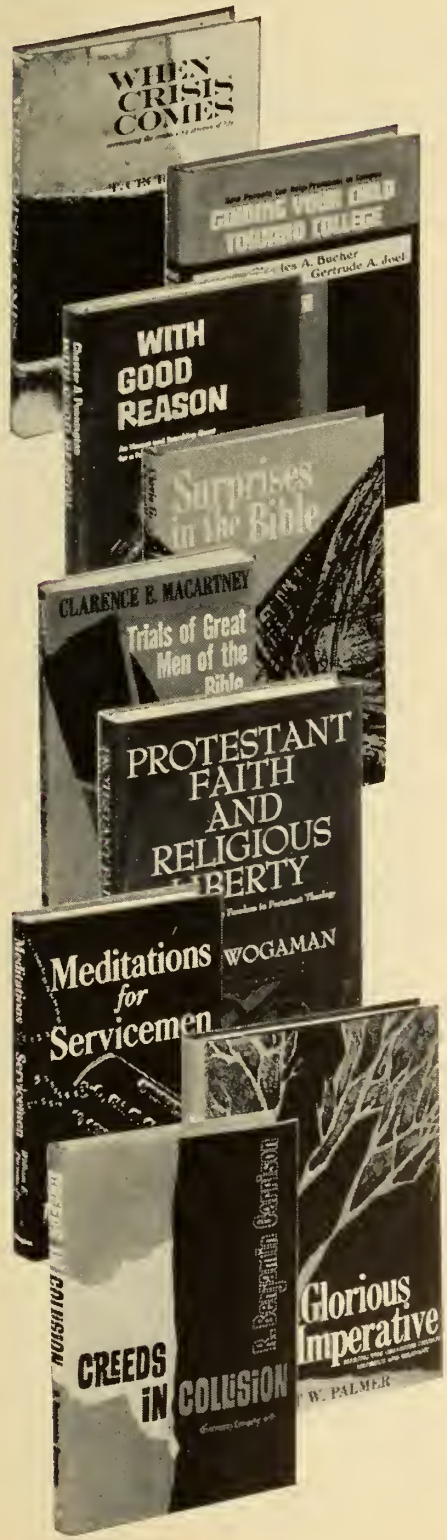

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The Church in Action

Negro and White Methodists Open...

New Communication Conduits

As OFFICIAL Methodism takes "next steps" to desegregate, by abolishing the all-Negro Central Jurisdiction and its racially based structures, new lines of communication are opening. This is the conclusion of TOGETHER editors after talking with Negro and white leaders across southern states where the Central Jurisdiction remains.

Attitudes seem to have become more positive since the adjourned General Conference meeting of 1966. Following heated debate at that session last November, a new resolution was adopted pledging the church to eliminate racial structures completely by mid-1972 and to work for more racial brotherhood.

The resolution spells out a detailed plan and schedule for the transfer of churches with about 230,000 Negro members into the white conferences of 13 southern states. It will be voted upon by each of Methodism's annual conferences, each jurisdictional conference and college of bishops, and by the Council of Bishops.

If the plan is approved (and there is cautious optimism that it will be), Central Jurisdiction churches are expected to be merged this year into the Virginia, North Carolina, Western North Carolina, Kentucky, Louisville, Memphis, Tennessee, and Holston Annual Conferences. The plan calls for transfer of the remaining Negro annual conferences into the Southeastern and South Central Jurisdictions.

With that, the Central Jurisdiction will be dissolved. It will then be up to the overlapping annual conferences to work out merger resolutions by not later than mid-1972. This is the nonmandatory target date set by the 1966 General Conference, held in Chicago.

Interracial Talks: Get-acquainted meetings, at which Negro and white leaders are talking about implications for transfer and merger of the 12 remaining Negro annual conferences, are producing hopeful signs.

"We have a much better understanding of the problems now," said Bishop Edgar A. Love after a meeting of 58 key leaders from two Negro and two white conferences in Mississippi to talk about steps in implementing the General Conference legislation. (Similar joint committees are working in South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia.) "We may be moving toward transfer and merger of white and Negro churches in the South at a much quicker pace than anybody has thought," the bishop added.

While official committees are getting together at various levels to study how annual conferences can be merged with the least friction, other moves toward interracial co-operation are quietly materializing across the states from Virginia to Texas.

Even small signs of progress are significant when measured against the typical background of "moderation" among Methodists who, in the past generally have taken a position of "don't get involved in civil strife, and keep the status quo in the church."

After coming to a virtual halt a few years ago, interracial dialogue has been reestablished in the past two or three years, particularly during the past six months. What these activities add up to is the opening of more lines of communication through which people can talk turkey—a hopeful sign, many believe.

'Barefoot' Communication: At the regional level, one meeting of promise was a Clinic on Local Church Co-operation in the southeast held recently in Atlanta, Ga. On initiative of the Board of Missions Department of Town and Country Work, bishops of the Southeastern and Central Jurisdictions called in key representatives to let down their hair regarding such basic issues as interracial merger, the clergy shortage, and church roles in an increasingly urbanized society.

This was not a decision-making meeting, but it did bring together top church decision makers in the southeastern states. "We got barefooted," one district superintendent said.

"This was a most significant session because it took into account the whole cluster of problems involved in our future mission in this region."

After the meeting, Dr. John H. Graham, a Board of Missions staff member and a Central Jurisdiction leader, said, "I am elated over the meeting, and everybody I have talked with feels that way." Plans were made to hold similar talks between Negro and white officials at annual-conference or state levels to bring more pastors and lay people into confrontation about mutual problems.

Meanwhile, Mrs. H. M. Russell of Morristown, Tenn., president of the Southeastern Jurisdiction Woman's Society, called on leaders "to create the climate that would make it possible" for annual conferences this year to adopt the General Conference resolution for elimination of racial structures.

"If all the leaders of Methodism who are gathered here would pray

seriously for Christ's vision in the matter of the resolution," she told delegates to the society's annual jurisdictional session in Nashville, "a miracle would happen."

Not unexpectedly, the lead in arranging interracial confrontations at conference and local levels in the South has been taken by women, students, and Christian social concerns boards.

The Mississippi Methodist Student Conference this year was held in Jackson on a fully integrated basis for the first time. About 25 Negroes were among the 100 students attending. Speakers on the theme of the church and social action included Aaron Henry, state president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and Hodding Carter III, editor of the *Delta Democrat-Times* of Greenville.

Training Encounters: Conference boards of the North Mississippi (SEJ) and Upper Mississippi (CJ) Conferences held two interracial workshops last fall, one on problems of peace and world order, and another on alcohol. Similar conferences, on a statewide basis, were held in Florida—at Daytona Beach in 1965 and at Tampa in 1966.

Following a pattern already set in Virginia, Texas, North Carolina, and other states, the two conference boards of education in north Mississippi planned a joint interracial training workshop at Oxford-University Methodist Church in Oxford for district vacation church school leaders.

In South Carolina, the two conference boards of Christian social concerns met in October, 1966, and March of this year to get better acquainted and talk about mutual problems. The annual pastors school, which goes back to 1920 in the South Carolina Conference (SEJ), will meet in August and for the first time will be open to Negro ministers.

'Bridges, Not Walls': For the past two years Negroes and whites in Huntsville, Ala., have held monthly "encounter" meetings. The Huntsville District includes two Central Jurisdiction churches. An interracial committee plans meetings around a format of worship, fellowship, and small discussion groups, with racial relations themes treated frequently.

"We have been interested in building bridges, not walls," says the current chairman, the Rev. Oliver Clark, Jr., who also heads the district's board of Christian social concerns. Announcements of the week-night meetings are made through the churches and a mailing that now goes to more than 200 interested persons.

Mergers of Negro and white congregations have been reported in several southern states, although not all have been successful. In Mobile, Ala., the white Toulminville Church took the initiative to unite with Warren Street Methodist, a weak and struggling Negro congregation in a racially mixed neighborhood. Within a few months, however, the congregation had become all Negro as white families moved to other sections.

(In the past, racially mixed neighborhoods were not uncommon in southern towns. But with increasing urbanization and migration of Negro populations to cities, Negro ghettoes have grown markedly.)

Negro and white Methodists have come together in churches of northern Virginia. At least eight white churches have received small numbers of Negro members in recent months, and last fall a new church was organized in Woodbridge, with three Negro families among 80 charter members. A 1961 merger in Fairfax has resulted in a strong congregation of about 200, with 15 Negro members. Worker training schools and youth camps are integrated in at least two Virginia districts.

In North Carolina, Negro members are joining white churches in small numbers and in scattered places for the first time in this century. North Carolina and Virginia are states where transfer and merger of Central Jurisdiction churches into conferences of the Southeastern Jurisdiction are expected to take place first.

In San Antonio, Texas, an interdistrict committee, operating for about two years, aided in the merger of two weak churches in a racially mixed neighborhood. West Laurel Heights Methodist Church (Negro) and Bethel Methodist (white) merged, making use of the Bethel property under pastorship of a Negro and a white minister. The 200 members are about equally divided between the races.

Also in the San Antonio District, the annual minister-layman dialogue held recently included Negro, Latin, and white Methodists.

The first Negro pastor transferred into the Southwest Texas Conference last year, and another will follow this year.

Burden—Or Opportunity? These and other developments are seen as hopeful signs of progress as the church lumbers its way toward a racially inclusive structure. Depending on one's perspective, this goal is the burden or the opportunity of The Methodist Church, which historically has been and today remains the only predominantly white denomination in the United States with a significant number of Negro members.

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Conference resolution to erase racially based structures, Methodist annual conferences also will be pledging "to do everything possible" to work for real racial brotherhood in the denomination.

The Advisory Council of the Central Jurisdiction, meeting in Atlanta in March, made the decision to urge its annual conferences to vote favorably on the resolution. This was the first time Central Jurisdiction leaders had united in favoring the proposal.

Dispiritedly, one white backer of full integration of Methodist structures said, "The General Conference put the Central Jurisdiction in the position of having to take 'voluntary' desegregation, based only on promises, or nothing."

There is evidence, however, that Southeastern Jurisdiction leaders are taking the "voluntary" step seriously. Says an Alabama district superintendent: "The resolution places the Southeastern Jurisdiction under a tremendous moral obligation to work for elimination of the Central Jurisdiction and for the merger of their conferences with ours very soon."

Merging Minority: Statistics for all Methodism in the southeast suggest why Negroes might be anxious about their minority status after the merger of annual conferences. The region's heaviest concentration of Negro Methodists is in South Carolina. Even here, however, they would constitute only 20 percent of the membership in a merged annual conference. In southern Mississippi, 17 percent of all Methodists are Negroes, and in Louisiana 14 percent. Percentages scale down to as low as 3 percent in other southeastern states.

As Grover C. Bagby, executive of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, pointed out in a CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE article [November 3, 1966]:

"They [Negro Methodists] are willing to forego their principal assurances of some element of power and authority in the denomination in order to be recognized in their dignity as humans and Christians."

But the Rev. John W. Haywood, Sr., one-time president of Gammon Theological Seminary and now retired, warns, "We may wipe out every vestige of statutory segregation in our church, but it will only be what it always has been in the past—pious histrionics—unless a spiritual cataclysm takes place."

A favorable vote by the annual conferences this summer will set Methodism on a course that will permit it to determine whether human dignity or pious histrionics will win out.

—NEWMAN CRYER

WORLD METHODISM PLANS NEW GENEVA OFFICE

World Methodism may open a new Geneva headquarters in line with a proposal adopted in February by the World Methodist Council's Committee on Structure and Program.

Twenty persons representing Methodist bodies on all six continents attended the meeting at Geneva. The Rev. Kenneth G. Greet of London presided and Charles C. Parlin of New York served as secretary.

The proposal for a Methodist office in Geneva, said one WMC spokesman, came in response to an invitation from the World Council of Churches. Such an office would make possible better liaison with the World Council and other world confessional bodies with offices at Geneva.

The World Methodist Council at present maintains headquarters at Lake Junaluska, N.C., and in London. The proposed Geneva office presumably would replace the latter.

This is only one of several recommendations which will come before the WMC's Executive Committee at its August meeting in Kenya. The Committee on Structure also asks:

- That the World Methodist Council's six committees encourage and initiate co-operation with existing world and regional ecumenical bodies.
- That the Executive Committee as a whole take responsibility for the WMC's ecumenical relations; further, that a team named last summer at London carry on conversations with the Roman Catholic Church but that its makeup be reviewed "in the light of the worldwide nature of the matter involved and the fact that there was no woman named."
- That a family-life conference be held in conjunction with the next World Methodist Conference but on dates not in conflict with the World Federation of Methodist Women.
- That consideration be given to a proposal that overseas branches of the member churches be given separate recognition in WMC membership status.

Invite Choirs to Dallas

Choirs of Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren churches and institutions have been invited to apply for participation in the proposed Uniting Conference of the two denominations in Dallas, Texas, April 21-May 4, 1968.

The Methodist Commission on Entertainment and Program of the 1968 General Conference asks interested choirs to send an audition tape recording and program to the Rev. Carlton R. Young at Southern Methodist

University's Perkins School of Theology. He is director of music for the 1968 sessions.

Dr. J. Otis Young of Park Ridge, Ill., chairman of the Methodist Conference planning body, said that the program will include a special celebration of the union if annual conferences of both denominations ratify the proposed United Methodist Church in voting this summer.

Other features on the present agenda are "Texas Night," and a review of denominational activities in higher education for Negroes.

Five EUB leaders, including Bishops H. R. Heininger of Minneapolis, and Paul W. Milhouse of Kansas City, Mo., were named to share in planning for the proposed Uniting Conference.

COCU Tribe Increases

The Christian Methodist Episcopal Church has become the 10th church to join the Consultation on Church Union (COCU).

Dr. David Colwell, chairman of COCU, announced that a delegation from the 500,000-member denomination will participate in COCU's May 1-4 meeting at the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass. Previously, the CME Church has sent observer-consultants to consultation meetings.

The denomination, formed in 1870, recently has conducted merger talks with two other Negro groups—the African Methodist Episcopal and the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Churches. Both are members of COCU.

Other consultation participants include: Methodist; United Presbyterian; Episcopal; Evangelical United Brethren; Presbyterian, U.S.; the Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ); and the United Church of Christ.

Protest CIA Funding

Methodist leaders have expressed "grave concern" over infiltration of the National Student Association by the Central Intelligence Agency.

Nine members of the denomination's Board of Christian Social Concerns and its Board of Education released a statement saying that the CIA "has exceeded the bounds of propriety in attempting, through clandestine funding, to affect leadership and policies of an otherwise private and independent national organization."

Meanwhile in Chicago, an official of the National Council of Churches reported that NCC programs had received "minor" financial assistance from foundations allegedly linked with the government security agency.

Dr. R. H. Edwin Espy, NCC general secretary, said that a check of

Load Lifters

WHEN I was a boy, my dad often had little carpentry jobs to do around the house. I would ask, "Dad, can I help?"

At first I was more in the way than anything else. But as I grew older, I saved Dad many steps to the toolbox and the yard and the foot of the ladder. Just having someone to do the legwork and take the endless details out of a job is a blessing.

People who do this are "load-lifters." Every church has them. They are a special breed whose spiritual ear is in tune with God.

Call them whatever you choose —angels, saints, elders. I know what they do, for I have pastored some of the best. They make a special point of lifting the pastor's burden.

Perhaps it is a prayer for someone. Every once in a while I mention a concern, and a load-lifter says, "Yes, I've been in prayer too. I think I'll go over and talk with him." Here is a layman who has the same depth of concern the pastor has and is willing to do something about it.

Some load-lifter may say, "Pastor, I've been thinking. You don't have time to take all day Saturday to mow your lawn. I'll stop by and do it for you."

Or a load-lifting layman might say, "Pastor, the committee really doesn't need you at the meeting tonight. I'll see that you get a copy of the minutes. Go ahead with your visiting, or stay home with your family."

Most laymen know that a pastor gets a little discouraged sometimes. The load-lifters can help him through these times.

Some congregations have a special committee to stay close to the pastor and help him over rough spots. This really is a function of a pastoral-relations committee.

But it should not be their job alone. Have you ever thought about the odds and ends that fall to the pastor? God holds him responsible for the spiritual welfare, developing, and maturing of the people in the congregation. But it is your job, too.

The pastor, actually, is a senior minister in a whole congregation of ministers. Are not all Christians called to be witnesses and evangelists and servants to those around them? Every act of kindness, every word of encouragement, every lifting of the load is a direct help to your pastor—and a part of your job as a Christian.

Perhaps, when you finish reading this, you can think up some tailor-made jobs which fit you. List them, talk them over with your pastor—then pitch in.

—DAN HARMAN

records revealed that the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs contributed between $200 and $300 in 1965 toward expenses for a conference of the NCC-related National Student Christian Federation. (Former members of the NSCF, including the Methodist Student Movement, now have been absorbed into the University Christian Movement.)

Dr. Epsy also said that about $2,000 was received both this year and last year from the J. M. Kaplan Fund to assist the NCC in its antipoverty programs. For several years before 1965, he said, the David and Winfield Baird Foundation donated between $3,000 and $4,000 annually for direct relief programs in the U.S. and abroad.

The general secretary emphasized that the NCC "had no knowledge at any time that any of these gifts may have had any links with CIA involvement," and added that the church body would be "only too glad to cooperate to the fullest in any and all federal efforts to investigate" the controversial matter.

Aid Catholic Poverty Work

A suburban Methodist congregation in Cleveland, Ohio, is helping a Roman Catholic secular institute to establish a foundation in a Negro section.

The church, which wishes to remain unidentified for the present, supplied Hough-area Trinitarian missionary Father Albert Koklowsky with funds to buy a home in the riot-torn district.

Some 10 Oblate Missionaries of Mary Immaculate will make the home their base of operations for tutoring children and teaching home economics to mothers. They will concentrate on two apartment buildings housing 350 children.

Oblate missionaries are young Catholic women, predominantly teachers or secretarial workers, who spend their free time working with the impoverished. They live under strict social vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

Rescue United Fund Drive

The United Fund drive in Buckhannon, W.Va., seemed to be stalled in the horse latitudes until somebody got the idea to seek volunteers from the campus of West Virginia Wesleyan College. The job: the nitty-gritty business of house-to-house solicitation.

The "somebody" was Dr. Stanley H. Martin, college president, whose wife was chairman of the fund drive. Why not, he suggested, contact the members of Kappa Phi, national organization of Methodist college women, for help? And perhaps Sigma

Co-eds collect used clothing for Goodwill Industries, one of several service projects adopted by the Kappa Phi chapter at West Virginia Wesleyan College. Members of the national organization of Methodist college women, they are, from left: Elaine Brown, Sydelle Davis, Kay Chapman, and Bobbette Shaffer, who is president of the 100-member chapter.

Theta Epsilon, national religious service fraternity, could lend a manly helping hand.

Final examinations were near, but 40 members of the two organizations responded eagerly. Working in pairs, they knocked on every front door in the city and put the community drive over the top.

The 100 co-eds who belong to West Virginia Wesleyan's Alpha Sigma chapter of Kappa Phi are devoting time this year to introducing books and reading to underprivileged children. In addition, they help support a group of overseas missionaries, and sponsor the education and welfare of a 13-year-old Korean boy.

Elect Philippine Bishop

Meeting in special session, Methodists of the Philippines Central Conference elected the Rev. Benjamin Guansing to the episcopacy by an overwhelming majority on the third ballot.

At the Central Conference's regular session of 1964, Bishop José L. Valencia was reelected to his fourth term, but 50 ballots failed to elect a successor to retiring Bishop D. D. Alejandro. The resulting vacancy has been filled for the past two years by Bishop Shot K. Mondol of India, who came out of retirement to serve temporarily on appointment by the Methodist Council of Bishops.

Newly elected Bishop Guansing has been president of the Philippines' interdenominational Union Theological Seminary since 1951. During World War II, he was pastor of the large Central Student Church in Manila, and despite the Japanese occupation, he continued to hold services and work among the students, often at the risk of his life. When the student church was destroyed by bombs, Mr. Guansing moved his congregation to the Knox Methodist Church in another section of the city.

Bishop Guansing began preaching in 1927 while still in high school, was ordained in 1934, was graduated from Union Theological Seminary in New York City in 1941, and returned to the U.S. as a Methodist Crusade Scholar after the war.

The Methodist situation in the Philippines may pose special difficulties for the proposed union of U.S. Methodism and the Evangelical United Brethren Church. The EUB Church is related to the United Church of Christ in the Philippines, while the Central Conference is an integral part of The Methodist Church in the U.S.

Summer Student Projects

Service projects in the United States and overseas will fill the summer of many Methodist students again this year.

Scheduled projects include inner-city ministry in St. Louis, Cuban refugee work in Miami, study seminars on urban affairs and mental health, an ecumenically sponsored work-study seminar in Detroit, and four-week ecumenical work projects in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Overseas projects are sponsored by the World Council of Churches.

Leaders of the Methodist Student Movement participate in planning, financing, publicizing, and screening applicants for the projects along with three general church boards—Missions, Education, and Christian Social Concerns.

"Hopefully, Student Service Projects are not mere 'Band-Aids' plastered over symptoms of grave ills in society," project planners declared. "Organized as small communities of worship, study, and action, these student-project groups attempt a vital thrust into the structures of concrete situations. Their calling is to learn from involvement, to change what can and needs to be changed, and to live God's love on a people-with-people basis."

Participants in the programs are expected to pay their own travel expenses. Room and board usually are provided, but a small activities fee, varying from project to project, is charged.

General information concerning the programs is available from the Office of Campus Ministry, Methodist Board of Missions, Room 1303, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.

New Congregation Yoked

Methodists and Evangelical United Brethren near Pittsburgh, Pa., are organizing a new congregation which could become the first to be granted a charter under the proposed United Methodist Church.

Located in the North Hills area of McCandless Township, the new congregation will be known as St. Paul's Community Church. Creation of the yoked ministry was announced by Methodist Bishop Frederick B. Newell and EUB Bishop J. Gordon Howard, both of Pittsburgh.

EUB minister William E. Wineberg has been appointed pastor of the new church, for which a 7.5-acre tract and a parsonage already have been purchased. Worship services and church-school classes presently are being conducted in a volunteer fire department meeting hall.

Embryo groups of North Hills Methodists and EUBs are meeting to plan formation of the future congregation. In addition, a joint commission of the boards of missions of Methodist and EUB annual conferences has been appointed to study utilization of the property and the erection of a church building.

Whether the United Methodist Church comes into being depends on ratification of a Plan of Union by annual conferences of both denominations this summer [see *Waiting for the Votes to Come In,* April, page 6]. A favorable vote would lead to a Uniting Conference at Dallas in April, 1968.

Report Membership Loss

For the first time in many years, membership of The Methodist Church in the United States failed to register a net gain in the 1965-66 fiscal year.

Latest figures show official membership in the denomination at 10,318,910—a decrease of 12,664 from the previous year. In addition to full members, there are 1,926,968 preparatory members (baptized children) on the rolls of the 38,071 local churches. This is an increase of 95,230 over a year ago.

Other statistical information released by Dr. Don A. Cooke, general secretary of the church's Council on World Service and Finance, includes the following:

- Church-school members—6,705,727, a decrease of 196,711.
- Average attendance at Sunday-morning worship—3,943,421, an increase of 57,151.
- Members received on profession of faith—279,995, a decrease of 19,331.
- New churches organized—77, a decrease of 23.
- Ordained ministers—29,287, an

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THE METHODIST COMMITTEE FOR OVERSEAS RELIEF
475 Riverside Drive—Room 406
New York, New York 10027

increase of 306 over the previous year.

A complete statistical review of The Methodist Church will be published in the *General Minutes* soon.

Urge New C.O. Status

Major policy statements regarding church use of public funds and conscientious objection to military service highlighted the winter meeting of the National Council of Churches General Board.

The Chicago session was the first full business meeting of the 1966-69 triennium for the new policy-making board headed by Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, a Methodist layman.

One key resolution recommended revision of draft laws to permit "selective" conscientious objection to particular wars—declared and undeclared—and specific acts of war. It asks that a C.O. *not* be required to show religious motivation to qualify for draft exemption.

A policy statement on denominational use of public funds for social and health services calls on churches to develop specialized boards or committees to participate in voluntary planning groups at all levels.

The practice of accepting government grants for church-sponsored programs was upheld in cases where genuine community needs are met. Such services should not be subject to sectarian rules nor propagate religious faith, the statement stressed in offering guidelines to safeguard the principles of church-state separation.

The nation's churches, their agencies, and members were urged to give

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TV *this month*

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER
Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

"I RARELY watch TV." That's the word I get from many churchmen, though further conversation often indicates that they watch more hours than they admit.

Be that as it may, their comment constitutes a legitimate indictment of much ongoing television entertainment. Given a world where problems multiply like goose pimples in January, most of the weekly programs seem wastefully irrelevant to the serious citizen.

The sense of waste is compounded when one considers what a powerful agent television could be for spreading information and generating discussion on great issues. Commercial television apparently can never devote more than a fraction of its time to such programming, tied as it is to the necessity of capturing the largest mass audience.

The good news this year, at last, is that we are no longer to be tied to commercial TV for programs on issues of national import. Next fall, with a grant from the Ford Foundation, National Educational Television will initiate a three-hour Sunday-evening program under the direction of Fred W. Friendly, former president of CBS News. Produced by the Columbia University school of journalism, it will deal with the live issues in such areas as education, society, medicine, religion, and the arts. The Sunday-evening scheduling makes the series a natural to be used as a springboard for discussions in groups which regularly meet that night.

This is not the only good news. The Carnegie Commission on Educational Television recently published its report in a Bantam Book entitled *Public Television: A Program for Action*. Recognizing the poverty of most prime time commercial television programming, the Carnegie Commission has refused to limit itself to so-called instructional TV. Rather, it defines public television as "all that is of human interest and importance which is not at the moment appropriate or available for support by advertising and which is not arranged for formal instruction."

This is good news for those of us who do not wish to plunge into formal courses of study but are interested in quality programming on subjects of more moment than whodunits and hillbillies.

Among the Carnegie report's recommendations are suggestions for establishing new educational stations and strengthening those now in operation. Program production would be done in several ways. Two national production centers would produce for local stations, as well as for the educational network, though this latter is played down in the Carnegie report. In addition, greatly increased funding would be available to stations to produce material of local and regional importance.

Also included in the proposal are suggestions for better research and development of TV programming, technical improvements, recruitment of superior personnel, and further development of instructional television.

Proposed financing for such an ambitious public television venture would come from an excise tax on all new TV sets, starting at 2 percent and increasing to 5 percent in several years. Initially this would raise $40 million, and ultimately $100 million. For a nation which spent $650 million on TV and radio repairs in one recent year, this seems little enough to spend on significant programming.

Following up the recommendation of the Carnegie Commission, President Johnson has asked Congress to create a "Corporation for Public Television" and to provide initial funding. This may herald the start of a new level of maturity in broadcasting.

The following programs merit watching this month:

April 17, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST, on ABC—*Captain Scott's Race for the South Pole.*

April 19, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on CBS—*Young Peoples Concert—Alumni Reunion.*

April 20, 9:30-11 p.m., EST, on ABC Stage '67—*The Wide-Open Door.*

April 23, 1:30-2 p.m., EDT, on NBC, *Frontiers of Faith—COCU Protestant Church Merger.*

April 23, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on NBC —*The Law and the Prophets*, narrated by Alexander Scourby.

April 26, 7:30-9 p.m., EDT, on NBC —*Soldier in Love*, Hallmark Hall of Fame.

April 27, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC —*Dare I Weep, Dare I Mourn.*

May 1, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*Zero Hour*, a Zero Mostel special, comedy concert.

May 4, 9-11:15 p.m., EDT, on CBS —Arthur Miller's *The Crucible.*

May 4, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*The Human Voice.*

May 5, 8-9 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*The Adventures of Mark Twain.*

May 7, 10-11 a.m., EDT, on CBS—*Religion and the University.*

May 8, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*The Pursuit of Pleasure*, America's new fun morality is explored.

May 14, 4-5 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*Ivan Ivanovich* (repeat).

May 14, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*Children's Theater.* □

strong support to the federal government's war on poverty and the administration's current $2.1 billion request to finance the effort.

Development of an urban church strategy to help meet crisis in the cities was seen as an urgent priority by Dr. Benjamin F. Payton of the NCC's new department of social justice.

Dr. Payton said the church's urban mission must deal with the ethical question of how individuals and groups "participate with power" in decisions affecting their lives.

In other action, the NCC body:

- Approved a major, three-year research project to explore the rapidly changing relationship between the church and higher education.
- Authorized an independent study of proposals for a national system of noncommercial television and the role of religious programming.
- Noted closer co-operation between Protestants and Roman Catholics leading to joint efforts in health and medicinal relief overseas.

Other items on the NCC agenda were postponed when a quorum of members was unavailable to conduct business on the final morning. One sharply debated resolution—not voted on—would have urged adoption of an explicit and impartially enforced code of Congressional ethics.

Back South African Suit

Court action against a South African professor who charged that the ecumenical movement is allied with international communism will be partly financed by Methodist funds.

The denomination's Board of Missions has pledged $10,000, joining with other Protestant agencies in raising $57,000 for legal expenses.

The church funds will support a suit brought by Dr. C. F. Beyers Naude and Prof. Albert Geyser. Both are Protestant Afrikaner theologians at the Christian Institute of South Africa, and are outspoken opponents of South African apartheid.

They are suing Prof. A. D. Pont, a church-history instructor at Pretoria University. In a series of articles, he alleged that ecumenists and international communism are allied in efforts to destroy "white Christianity." He said "fellow theologians" had plotted with the World Council of Churches and the Pan-Africanists to overthrow the South African government.

If the plaintiffs win, the money for legal expenses will be returned to the contributing churches.

Centennial Grant to AMU

Alaska Methodist University has received news of a grant to finance a high-level educational conference on its Anchorage campus later this year.

The $9,850 grant from the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities in Washington, D.C., is designed to promote teaching interest in Alaskan history in honor of Alaska's centennial celebration.

AMU is supported mainly by funds channeled from the National Division of the Methodist Board of Missions. The board recently announced that Methodist contributions have equaled

Methodists in the News

Three Methodists are directors of the newly formed National Council for a Responsible Firearms Policy, a public education movement. They are the Rev. **J. Elliott Corbett**, director of Washington Study programs of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns; Bishop **John Wesley Lord**; and **Millard Tawes**, former governor of Maryland.

Everett Charles Ross, a senior at the Navaho Methodist Mission in Farmington, N.Mex., has chalked up what officials believe to be the highest grade ever scored in tests for Navaho tribal scholarships.

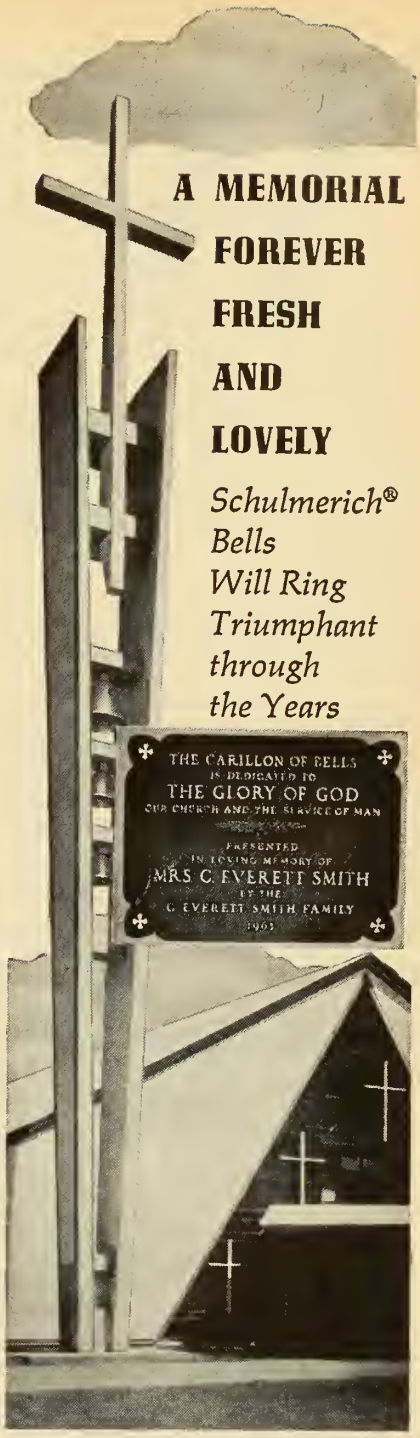
Methodist Army Chaplain (Col.) **James A. Connett**, chaplain-in-charge of Arlington National Cemetery, has been designated "Chaplain of the Year" by the Reserve Officers Association of Washington, D.C. Col. Connett made 64 parachute jumps while serving as chaplain of the 82nd Airborne Division.

The Rev. **Edward G. Carroll**, superintendent of Washington Northwest District in the Baltimore Conference, has been appointed a religious adviser to the U.S. Information Agency along with a rabbi and a Roman Catholic priest.

Wilhelmina (Mimi) Reuben of Sumter, S.C., a senior at Methodist-related Duke University, has been elected May Queen in a campus-wide election. She is one of the first three Negro women students admitted to Duke.

Edson Deal, a long-time leader in Idaho Methodism, is the new secretary of state of Idaho. **Don Samuelson**, governor of Idaho, also is an active Methodist.

The **R. V. Howard** family of Waurika was honored as the "Oklahoma Farm Family of the Year" at the state's 25th annual Farm Bureau Convention in Oklahoma City.



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WHO AM I?

There are more answers than you think—
and it may seem paradoxical to say that
all are different while remaining the same!

By CONNIE OGBURN

I AM A dignified stone building, softened with years of ivy.

Or I am young, with bare brick walls making crisp right angles above naked earth.

Or I am a humble white frame with only a slender steeple to distinguish me from neighboring cottages.

Or I may have a thatched roof and stand on bamboo poles.

My windows may be intricately wrought in splendid colors, or they may be as plain as the ones in your kitchen.

My pews may be covered with red velvet. Or they may be unfinished pine. It really does not matter, because . . .

I am all these things, and none of them.

I am more than beams, and stone, and mortar:

I am 70 years old; my arthritic feet, that arrived in time to start the ovens this morning, will not rest until the last greasy pan has been scoured and put away.

I am a young girl turning down her first date because the MYF is painting the basement.

I am a student who decides to go into social work because I want to do more than just draw a weekly paycheck.

I am a teacher who would really rather do something else on weekends, but cannot say no when the church school is so shorthanded.

I am an invalid whose telephone reaches the lonely, the sick, and the discouraged, the pie-bakers and committee members.

I am an usher whose friendly smile and sincere greeting helps a visitor feel less the stranger.

And I am a shy introvert whose needles and cookie sheets are busy for someone else most every week in the year.

I am others, too.

Believing thoroughly in the value of Christian training, I faithfully send my children every week.

I am the personable businessman who would come more often if "they" just wouldn't ask me to help with the offering.

I am an attractive young mother who is offended at being asked to take a turn in the nursery.

I am a nominal board member who has a great deal to say about the decisions I wasn't there to help make.

I come only at Christmas and Easter because I hardly know anyone anymore. I do not speak because "they" are so unfriendly.

I am a plaque on an organ, a leak in the roof, the voice of the Cherub Choir.

I am the hush of a Christmas Candlelight Service.

I am the drab widow who will not come on Easter because the old coat is just too shabby.

I am the memory of One who said from His cross, "Father, forgive . . ."

I am your reaction to that memory.

I am as fine as the most dedicated, as faltering as the least concerned.

I am *you*. □

the Alaskan Territory purchase price —more than $7 million—in the school's nine-year history. In January, the board announced plans for an additional $2.5 million of Methodist support for the school through 1972.

Summer Pulpit Exchange

Seventeen ministers from 12 states will exchange pulpits this summer with 17 clergymen from England and Ireland.

The program, sponsored annually by the World Methodist Council, will involve more preachers in 1967 than ever before, according to Dr. Lee F. Tuttle of Lake Junaluska, N.C., WMC secretary.

Dr. Tuttle explained that this year's exchange has ecumenical overtones beyond the normal British-American relationship, with participants from the Evangelical United Brethren, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Irish Methodist Churches.

The pulpit exchanges normally last five or six weeks, but one will extend an entire year. It involves the Rev. Ronald H. Stone of St. Matthew Methodist Church in Greeneville, Tenn., and the Rev. Raymond Wright of Alvaston, Derby, England.

Two distant cousins from opposite sides of the Atlantic who will be exchanging pulpits are the Rev. Odin A. Baugh of a Spokane (Wash.) Presbyterian church, and the Rev. George Baugh, a Methodist pastor in London.

The 15 other American ministers involved in this summer's program are listed below, with their United Kingdom counterparts in parentheses. Except where indicated, the men are Methodists.

The Revs. Walter Niles, Lee's Summit, Mo. (Clifford W. Chesworth); John W. Gordon, Sr., North East, Pa. (John Turner); James C. Whitaker, Westfield, N.J. (Ernest Denton Varley, Congregational); Warren R. Ebinger, EUB, Naperville, Ill. (Sidney Tong); Clifford C. Brown, Mattoon, Ill. (John W. Bishop).

Also, the Revs. Robert C. Wilson, Washington, Pa. (James F. McEvoy); Floyd Wesley Powell, Marietta, Ohio (Geoffrey J. Warburton); George S. Rigby, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa. (R. Lloyd Jones); Maurice C. Webb, Little Rock, Ark. (James Mills); Everett B. Fitts, Rush, N.Y. (Ronald H. Rich).

Also, the Revs. Edward L. Hoffman, Carbondale, Ill. (Leonard P. Barnett); Gerald E. Gulley, Lawrenceville, Ill. (Norman Povey); Clemmet A. Peterson, Rochester, Minn. (John Gordon Sutcliffe); Edwin R. Kimbrough, Birmingham, Ala. (Charles A. Clark); and James Edward Leach, Big Rapids, Mich. (Jack Dawson).

Red Guard Hits Churches

Reports of Red Guard persecution directed impartially against all religions continue to filter through the Bamboo Curtain during the present upheaval in mainland China.

Diplomatic informants say that Red Guard gangs are attacking Buddhists, Christians, and Muslims alike in a moblike war against "all old ideals, culture, customs, and habits."

Little or nothing is known about the survival of Methodist work inside China. But a British newspaper recently listed Dr. James L. Ding, a Methodist churchman, among four religious leaders arrested and placed in an "indoctrination" camp.

Christians number about 200,000 among China's 700 million. Leaders have been publicly humiliated and jailed. Worship is underground.

Refugees have confirmed rumors that, in Peking, churches have been closed since last August. Red flags fly from the towers of the city's main Roman Catholic cathedral. Its windows have been shattered. Pictures and crosses have been mutilated.

Red-painted extracts of Chairman Mao's writings are said to cover the exteriors of Protestant churches in the major cities. In Shanghai, former Christian churches have been turned into Red Guard assembly halls and stripped of their relics.

Red Guards reportedly have demanded that all dates emanate from Marx's birth to signal the end of the Christian era.

CENTURY CLUB

Among nine centenarians joining TOGETHER'*s Century Club this month is a Maryland Methodist who was born one month after his mother was freed from slavery by President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.*

This month's members are:

William M. Pinkney, 104, DuPont Heights, Md.

Mrs. Kate Chalk, 100, Wathena, Kans.

Mrs. Emma K. Hollow, 100, Columbia, Pa.

Mrs. Hattie Johnson, 100, Glidden, Iowa.

Mrs. John Schultz, 105, Groesbeck, Texas.

Mrs. Emma Stone, 100, Lake Luzerne, N.Y.

Mrs. Mary Strickland, 100, Clearwater, Fla.

Mrs. Serena Tippin, 100, Nampa, Idaho.

Mrs. Eleze Henry Waesche, 100, Washington, D.C.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where the centenarian is a member, and its location.

Once upon a time...

. . . there was a Methodist layman who found himself at the Biblical threescore and ten, in robust health, and in possession of a carefully accumulated nest egg. One morning over bacon and eggs, Layman and Wife agreed to put the whole sum into World Division annuities. This would bring guaranteed income so long as each should live and would at their deaths advance the Christian missions which they had supported all their lives.

Ever since their early life when Layman's company had stationed them in China, they had felt a deep love and concern for Chinese children. Almost with one voice, Layman and Wife exclaimed," . . . a Sunday school in Peking's industrial district!" Their delight over their new annuitant project knew no bounds.

But the end of the fable is not so happy. In 1958 when Mrs. Layman followed her husband in death, mainland China was closed to the outside world. Massive organization of "communes" had begun and coerced mergers had reduced Peking's 65 Christian churches to four. The Board of Missions has not yet cut through the legal tangle to free Layman's gift for sorely needed education work elsewhere.

Moral: Appealing as they are to the Christian heart, specific annuitant projects are becoming more and more difficult to carry out in today's explosive world. The World Division strongly urges that you execute your annuity agreements so gift portions may be used "where the need is greatest" in one or more of the six major missions at work in 32 countries. You may specify Church Development, Education, Medicine, Social-Economic-Industrial Work, Agricultural Development, Literature and Communications or any combination of these.

For 95 years the Methodist annuity has been cherished as a dependable source of lifetime income, and a productive way of underwriting the church's world mission. You may begin with as little as $100. Your guaranteed income, ranging up to 8% for those advanced in years, begins immediately. For more information, write Dept. T-57

WORLD DIVISION
OF THE
Board of Missions
OF THE
METHODIST CHURCH

Dr. Ashton A. Almand, Treasurer, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, New York 10027

Po Yan's mother died when Po Yan and her twin sister were born. Their father didn't want the girls and so for two months all he fed them was boiled rice water.

When he finally abandoned them outside the gate of our Babies Home in Formosa, Po Yan was barely alive, suffering from acute malnutrition, too weak to even cry.

Doctors gave her no chance at all, yet stubbornly she held on. She didn't walk until she was two years old, and today, even though she is alert and healthy, you can still see a hint of sadness in her eyes. What will happen to her next, with her mother dead and a father who doesn't want her?

Only your love can help make sure *good* things happen to Po Yan—and children like her. You can be the most important person in the world to a youngster who longs to know that somewhere, someone cares.

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The Laymen Are Restless

By CHARLES MERRILL SMITH, Pastor
Wesley Methodist Church, Bloomington, Ill.

ANY NUMBER of articles in the last year or two tell us that American laymen are restless because their preachers are marching off to Selma and picketing the White House, not to mention devoting excessive amounts of pulpit time to discussion of social and political issues—all the while neglecting the real business of the church, which is to save souls.

While some such articles really are editorials disguised as news stories, and hint that the clergy ought to stick to religion and lay off secular issues, there is no question that they accurately report the tension, existing and growing, between the pulpit and the pew. Nor is there any question that the future of the church hinges at least in part on how this problem is resolved.

At the risk of being censured as a traitor to my calling, I must state that my sympathies here are largely with the layman. If he is bewildered and resentful, he has a right to be. Let me explain.

In the first place, for as long as he can remember, the typical layman has been sprayed, soaked, and saturated with a theology which held that over here is the visible, material world, and over there is the invisible, spiritual world. His job, as he has understood it from most preachers, is to endure the pain and vicissitudes of this present world as best he can, relying on prayer, upright personal life, and the promises of the Scriptures, in order to attain the real goal—which is to book himself a comfortable berth in the next, the invisible world.

Now, all of a sudden, his preachers are telling him that it is *this* world which God loves, and it is through involving himself in so-called secular affairs that he is to witness to his faith. No wonder he is a little upset.

Second, any steady churchgoer over the past 10 or 15 years has heard innumerable sermons on how to be happy, successful, calm-minded, and content through the application of the Gospel to *personal* problems. He has been soothed by simple homilies on the joys of salvation, on walking with Jesus, on how God will deliver the goods every time if you master the approved prayer formula.

Now he comes to church and has to endure sermons on why we should admit Red China to the United Nations, or how the church has failed in supporting civil-rights efforts, or how we should feel responsibility for the plight of the poor in Appalachia or Harlem. Whereas, formerly, he may have been bored with the sermon, he could at least count on being lulled and comforted. Now he is threatened and irritated.

Third, the layman has been brought up to think of the preacher as a sort of pet who, if kept in a state of genteel poverty and given a 10 percent discount in retail stores, could be counted on to make appropriate noises and perform in a satisfactory manner as one who knew his place and wouldn't step out-of-bounds.

Now preacher after preacher has cast off this leash and has gone to meddling in the real world, acting as if he has as much right as the next fellow to participate in politics and pronounce on economic issues and hold and express opinions on such controversial subjects as war, race relations, public morals, and international affairs. Worse yet, he acts as though he were a bona fide member of the human race instead of the kept man that laymen always had understood him to be.

What has happened is that the old theology which divided the sacred and the secular neatly down the middle (and which, incidentally, was founded on a profound misreading of the Scriptures) is being stuffed in the ashcan.

Also, most bright young clergymen not only have a marked distaste for the role of professional holy man (and if they don't, their wives do), but they believe strongly that unless something drastic is done about the church as it now is, it will just peter out.

The most dramatic example of this conflict and tension in the church is, of course, what is happening in the Roman Catholic branch of Christendom. You can see it as the narrow orthodoxy of a Cardinal Spellman or the ironbound institutionalism of a Cardinal McIntire contend with the tides of reform—which no longer can be controlled even by the voice of a cardinal.

The full force of the revolution hasn't hit Methodism yet. In many areas, to be sure, the issue of integration is raising Ned. Our Board of Missions has had the temerity to get itself involved in such controversial causes as the Delta Ministry. And there are other isolated examples of the tides of change lapping round our feet. But at the moment, everything is still pretty much under control. The average Methodist church still is mucking along with a program of irrelevant pietism, and the clergy—on the whole—is still docile.

Methodist laymen should be warned, though, that this tranquillity is temporary. A new generation of preachers is rising up, committed to new theological ways of thinking and a view of life and the world quite different from those which have prevailed in The Methodist Church. As such men come into positions of leadership, there will be some considerable changes made. And laymen will be disturbed.

I don't know exactly when this will break out across the board—perhaps 5, maybe 10 years from now. Methodism is large and somewhat sluggish, and its extensive machinery tends to slow down change and reform.

But if it can happen to Roman Catholicism, there is no theoretical reason it can't happen to us. And we Methodists will discover, as our Roman brethren are discovering, that once the dike is cracked, all the bishops and board secretaries and play-safe pastors—and, for that matter, disturbed laymen—cannot hold back the flood. □

CHURCH UNION WORKS IN CANADA

By A. C. FORREST, Editor
The United Church Observer
The United Church of Canada

As U.S. churchmen ponder first steps leading toward possible merger of their denominations, some of their neighbors to the north can look back on 42 years of unity. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Methodists joined to form The United Church of Canada in 1925. New union plans now contemplated eventually may make Canada a nation of two major churches.

WHEN A CURIOUS churchman from the United States visits Canada, he discovers that we have fewer denominations here. Proportionately, our big ones tend to be bigger and our small ones smaller than on the southern side of the border.

The reasons are simple. Our division and multiplication did not begin as early, continue as long, or go as far as in the USA, and our union movement started earlier and went farther.

Canada is almost half Roman Catholic, but the strength of the Roman church is largely French speaking and concentrated in Quebec. About 40 percent of Canadian Protestants are members of The United Church of Canada, and nearly 25 percent are Anglicans.

Methodist visitors find there aren't any Methodists here, except in a few Free Methodist, Wesleyan Methodist, and African Methodist Episcopal congregations. All other Methodists and all Congregationalists united with 70 percent of the Presbyterians and a few others to form The United Church of Canada in 1925.

Evangelical United Brethren in Ontario are expected to come into the United Church if their fellow churchmen unite with U.S. Methodists next year.

Anglican and United Church representatives have been discussing union for over 20 years, and this plan now seems well on its way to consummation. If both these unions come about, four Canadians out of five (we are a very churchy people) will adhere to one of two churches—either the Roman Catholic or the Anglican-United Church union.

I am a minister of The United Church of Canada. My mother was a Methodist, my father a Presbyterian, and in my childhood and youth I attended a Lutheran church for many years. (It was across the road from our home while ours was miles away.)

We of the United Church believe strongly in church union. Ours has worked. We think we have preserved the best elements of the past and have rid ourselves of some inherited irrelevancies. Most of us feel so strongly that God has blessed our union that we are a bit missionary about it. We think others would be blessed, too, if they sacrificed some of their traditions and enlarged their fellowship.

Pressures—Spiritual and Practical

The pressures for church union now are spiritual. We believe God wills that we should be together. We have been caught up in the ecumenical spirit, and our unhappy divisions bother our consciences. But this was not so in my grandfather's time. The pressures then were very practical.

Back about 65 years, a pagan Indian came out of the bush into a little Canadian prairie village with a missionary. A small frame church squatted at each of the four corners. The puzzled Indian looked about and asked if each of the churches was a "Jesus Church." The missionary admitted that was so. "Why four?" the Indian asked.

To answer that Indian's question is to tell the story

of the birth of our United Church of Canada because church union was the practical answer of practical-minded Canadian Christians. More than 100 years ago, Canadian churches began trying to put back together what history, geography, prejudice, zeal, and bad management divided.

Canadian beginnings were French and Roman Catholic. But following the British capture of Quebec in 1759, and the American Revolution, and the influx of British Empire Loyalists two decades later, Protestantism began to grow. For the past 100 years, Roman Catholic strength has fluctuated from around two fifths of the total population to almost 50 percent as now.

In English Canada, the Anglican Church and the political establishment—which sometimes seemed indistinguishable—sought and arranged a favored place for the Church of England. But the Anglican clergy made the serious mistake of clinging too much to the cities and becoming too closely allied with military and political powers. Meanwhile, the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians—especially the Methodists—went out and labored among the people. The Anglicans imported their top leadership from England and the Presbyterians from Scotland. The Methodists produced their own.

Canada for a long time was a scattering of colonies and remote settlements of pioneers. Where the people went, they tried to take their churches with them. If they could not find a minister of their own, they sought one from another communion. Untrained but zealous Methodist saddlebaggers and Baptist evangelists often made converts and won entire communities.

Religious communities were loosely joined in denominational groupings at first, but as the country settled and matured and the colonies were federated, the churches followed into union. The Presbyterians became one Canadian Assembly in 1875; the Methodists had joined forces by 1884, and the Congregational Union came into being in 1906. Statistics, although not precise, indicate that The United Church of Canada today comprises what once were 40 different Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational bodies, plus more than 3,000 union or community churches.

"Local union" is a separate story engraved on the soul of western Canada. As the West opened up and little communities were strung out along the great railway lines, thoughtful Christians said, "It is foolish and costly for us to try to maintain denominationalism out here. Let us get together and have one church." Such unions worked out well. Members maintained their traditions, but they put first things first.

The union idea spread and eventually reached back into the East. Before the turn of the century, leaders of the major denominations were looking into the future and dreaming of one united church. By that time Canada's population was about 42 percent Roman Catholic, while Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Methodists, about equal in size, together totaled about 43 percent. Congregationalists were much fewer.

Anglicans, Too!

At first it was hoped that the Anglicans might enter the union, too. In 1874 the Quebec Diocese of the Church of England appointed a committee to promote church union, and in 1885 the Ontario Provincial Synod of the Church of England invited Methodists and Presbyterians to confer. Seven years later, the Presbyterian General Assembly approached the Congregational Church, and the following year it appointed a committee to confer with other churches on the general subject of union.

Those were stirring years in western Canada. Able church leaders were urging union to combat the materialism of the West. Great pioneer missionaries traveled to western Canada's remotest parts, taking the Gospel to both Indian and settler. Methodist and Presbyterian missions boards listened to reports of competition and overlapping and co-operation on the frontiers, and pushed for union conversations. Committees were set up, and an effective plan of co-operation was adopted.

In 1902 the Methodists expressed themselves formally, concentrating attention on organic union of their church with the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and by 1904 there was a joint union committee at work. It reached the unanimous conclusion that union was both desirable and practicable. This meeting sent a friendly letter to the Canadian Church of England and the Baptists, explaining its decisions and extending cordial invitations to participate in further discussions. The Anglicans and Baptists replied in courteous terms, but took no action.

The joint union committee met year by year to consider the reports of its special committees on doctrine, polity, the ministry, administration, and law; by 1908 it agreed upon a *Basis of Union.* This was sent to the supreme courts of the three churches with a recommendation that they submit it to their lower courts and to their members. It was approved in general by the supreme courts in 1909, 1910, and 1911, and referred to the lower courts and to the membership according to the constitutional procedure of each.

In 1911 Congregationalist members voted overwhelmingly for the union, and in 1912 Methodists did, too. But about one third of the Presbyterian members said no. These were plebiscites, not binding votes, but they were the only votes taken by the Methodists and Congregationalists.

Subsequently, the supreme courts of the Congregationalist and Methodist Churches adopted resolutions favorable to union. The Presbyterians took a vote in 1915, and approved the revised *Basis of Union* in their General Assembly. Then they submitted it to the lower courts and membership; both gave a good majority.

Here the great tragedy began. A strong minority group in the Presbyterian Church opposed the union bitterly. World War I had broken out in 1914, and it was agreed that union negotiations be delayed.

There are those who say now that the Presbyterian antiunionists used the wartime truce to prepare their

literature and organize their opposition. One prounion Presbyterian wrote:

"All the while the Methodists and Congregationalists, magnanimous as ever, stood by silently and maintained their resolution to unite. The opposition sharpened with the years."

The war ended in 1918. In 1921, the Presbyterian General Assembly agreed to go ahead into union.

Meanwhile, in western Canada, the growing group of local united churches formed its own General Council, and in 1921 representatives from that body were welcomed to the joint union committee.

The Great Day

When union finally was consummated on June 10, 1925, the approximate strength of the United Church was 8,000 congregations, 600,000 communicant members, and 3,800 ministers. In the great Communion service in the old Mutual Street Skating Arena in Toronto, 7,646 worshipers received Communion and church union was hallowed. Four leaders acted on behalf of their respective groups: the Presbyterian moderator, the Congregational chairman, the Methodist general superintendent, and the chairman of the General Council of Local Union Churches.

The new council elected the moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly, Dr. George Pidgeon, as their moderator. Succeeding councils rotated this high office among Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists for many years.

For practical purposes it may be said that all Methodists and all Congregationalists entered the union; but 30 percent of the Presbyterian membership and 17 percent of its congregations voted to remain out, forming what is often spoken of as the "continuing" Presbyterian Church. Many Presbyterians who had opposed union decided, when their church was proceeding with it, that their duty was to go along; others who had been for union decided for personal and practical reasons to remain out. The significant fact remained, however, that the Presbyterian Church entered the union *as a church.*

This meant that matters of property division had to be worked out according to civil law. The Presbyterian theological colleges were, with the exception of Knox (Toronto) and Montreal, turned over to the new United Church. In Knox, the complete staff and many theological students walked across the campus to Victoria College which had been the Methodist seminary. A few years later the United Church built a new Emmanuel College on the Victoria campus.

In some parts of Canada, instead of bringing two or three churches together to form one congregation, the direct opposite happened. Strong Presbyterian communities were split when prounionists left to build a new church, or when antiunion Presbyterians, having lost their church through a majority vote of the congregation, pulled out and erected a new "continuing" Presbyterian church building.

In Newfoundland, with practically no Presbyterians and only one Congregational congregation, Methodist churches continued very much as they had been before, with only their name changed.

Problems Follow Union

Many problems had to be worked out following union. There was a surplus of United Church ministers, and in order to provide work for them, the ambitious young church opened new charges in western Canada. In some cases, older men were encouraged to retire before they wanted to. There was little incentive to appeal for candidates for the ministry.

Soon, the great depression of the 1930s caught the United Church with very long supply lines to the frontiers. A large deficit developed and, as depression salaries declined, the church's pension fund got off balance. With its surplus of ministers, the denomination went into debt to keep men in the field. On the prairies, it kept twice as many ministers on their charges during the drought and depression as all other Protestant denominations combined.

The new church weathered the drought; and at the end of the depression, the deficit was cleaned up, the pension fund restored to a sound basis, and the outposts held.

Sometimes it is said that The United Church of Canada is a national church, but such a title may be misleading. The United Church has no ambitions to be national in the sense of a state church, but it does assume national responsibility to provide a Christian ministry for all regardless of race, color, condition, or class. It carries on its work in more than 30 different languages, and each Sunday its ministers preach in 20 tongues. It is also a national church in that it is strong in all parts of Canada except rural Quebec.

Overseas, the United Church maintains mission personnel in 12 countries, co-operating wherever possible with national, free, or united churches. It never seeks to perpetuate or extend itself as a denomination overseas.

The movement toward unity among Christians is the most significant movement of our time, and the organic union of long-divided communions is its most practical expression. United Church officials frequently receive letters asking about union in Canada. The answers usually go something like this:

"Our union has worked well. We have been able to perpetuate the most lasting elements of the uniting denominations, to forget the unimportant differences, and to discover new ways to work and worship together.

"We don't know a single minister among our 3,000 clergymen who regrets the union, although many sacrificed greatly for it.

"We know of no congregation that would like to revert to its former denominational ways."

However, one ironic question also has to be faced. Why, if church union has worked and the ecumenical spirit inspires Christian people, could an Indian still come into a town or an old settled village in the East, count from 3 to 15 different churches and ask, "Why so many"?

For while 80 percent of the Canadian people today affirm Roman Catholic, Anglican, or United Church loyalties, the remaining 20 percent are divided among more than a score of other denominations and sects—the majority of them established since 1925. □

'UNBORN, GENTLY STIRRING'

Stir gently, sweet stranger, in the depths of my womb;
  What hosts and generations and multitudes long gone
Lived, loved, and returned to dust that you might be,
  Have passed their spark of life Divine to you,
That you might be their link to Eternal Life?
  Were there princes, slaves, proud, humble, good or bad
In the heritage of you? No matter. Stir softly, dear, Beloved.
  I am all mothers, everywhere, bearers of the bearers of Life;
You are all infants everywhere, throbbing, straining, seeking
  To add your spark to the ever surging throng
    that will descend from thee;
You are the unclothed stranger I take in, feed, shelter, clothe,
  Joyously, lovingly; you are Divinity, Eternity,
Extension, expansion of my soul, of all souls everywhere!
  For this was I created, that through me the spark Everlasting
Could pass on to you for the bringing forth
  of those to follow and be followed.
Stir gently, sweet stranger; 'tis not my womb that enfolds you
  But the everlasting eternal Robe of Divine Love and
    Expectation.
Gentle one, wrapped in your sheltered coverlet of destiny,
  Stir softly, gently, Beloved.

—Edna M. Swift

ON BEING A MOTHER

INTERLACED WITH WONDER

Blessed with two childhoods, mine and hers,
the space between them often blurs . . .

I can't be sure who caught and dressed
the bullfrog in a satin vest;

Who went to school in pinafores
and named her love by apple cores.

The dollhouse underneath the vine,
the acorn dishes . . . Mother's? Mine?

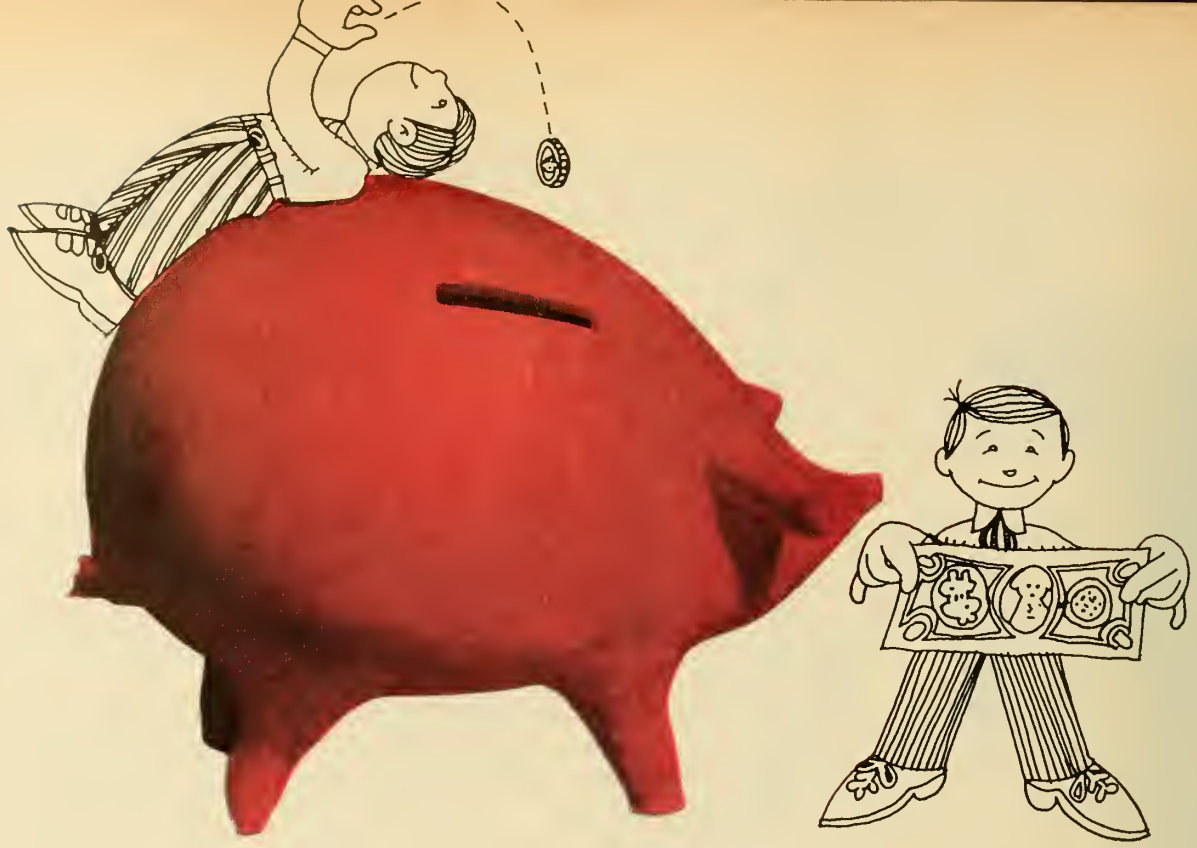
Impossible to tear asunder
these childhoods interlaced with wonder!

—F. B. Jacobs

CONFESSION

I sense a new contentment that comes flowing
So often when the children, home from school
Or in from play, skim through the rooms, full knowing
I'm somewhere in the house; busy with spool
And needle; or flecked with flour, cookie-baking;
Or, rarely, even reading. With warm care
For walk-scraped knees,
    for small hearts bruised or breaking
From giant woes, they know that I'll be there.
Unquestioning, they take me so for granted;
Not the least aware that until recently
A dreamer's fancies flamed but were supplanted
By a modest mother-role. And this should be,
So that I with joy can smile and reassure
Uncertain hearts, who've made mine new-secure.

—Jean Mergard



We were providing our children with as little knowledge about the powers of money as the innocent Indians who, confusing glitter for gain, were constant victims of swindle in the early days.

Money Should Be Kid Stuff, Too!

By PAT DURCHHOLZ

I OFTEN think that we live in a neighborhood of potential Wall Street brokers—that is if all brokers begin at the tender age of six with a steadily growing bank account!

"Timmy's got $200 saved in the bank!" my son Mark reported in awe about one of his friends.

With some envy but more puzzlement, I asked Timmy himself one day where this money came from—wondering if perhaps my husband and I had overlooked some unknown source of income.

"Oh, I don't know," Tim replied with a casual toss of the head as if he were a tyro tycoon whose returns were too numerous to remember. "I guess most of it comes from birthday money that Grandpa gives me. And Dad gives me some, too, and . . ."

"And you don't spend it?" I asked.

He returned my query with an emphatic "No!" but added that "Mom gives me money for ice cream and stuff."

The look of surprise on my face could only have reflected my obvious ignorance of this new parental system—one which allows children to hoard their unearned income because Mother and Daddy hand out nickels, dimes, and even quarters for their treats.

The time has come, apparently, when the Popsicle and Frozen Custard man is a fairly accurate gauge as to how a child will approach the spending angle of his or her life.

Several days later, during a pandemonium precipitated by the arrival of that motorized pied piper on our street, the "new system" was once again brought to my attention.

As Betsy, an eight-year-old neighbor, watched my Andrea count out change from her private cache, she announced confidently: "*My* mother will *give* me a nickel."

"Don't you have your own money?" Andrea asked.

"Oh, sure," Betsy answered proudly. "But I never spend it! Mother says I should save it for something I really need."

Betsy may not be heading for a seat on the stock exchange, but she is fast catching onto a few tricks of the trade that our own children once used. Until only recently, all seven of our offspring, like Betsy, depended on handouts for their treats.

By complying with their demands, we soon realized that we were providing our children with as little knowledge about the powers of money as the innocent Indians who, confusing glitter for gain, were constant victims of swindle in the early days of our country.

After all, we wouldn't shove a book into their hands and expect them to read. Nor would we push them behind the wheel of our car and assume they could drive. And yet, when it came to money, we had chosen to play "Big Brother," forgetting that ignorance is risk, not bliss!

With economic reform in mind, our first step in this teaching venture was coming to the decision that a child should use his own money to spend—money that he has worked for, not an allowance handed to him "tax free" for the privilege of keeping the Good Humor man in business!

Accordingly, we hoped that while our children were learning that the world didn't owe them a living, they also would gain the confidence that they had something worthwhile to contribute to the family.

It seemed to us, too, that receiving a stipend for being a "good little boy or girl" is moral bribery, deserving of the subsequent blackmail that clever children often learn to practice.

Receiving sums of money for good schoolwork falls into the same category, we feel, and can rob the child of an appreciation of learning for its own sake. And, too, with a family of seven children like ours, there are bound to be varying degrees of scholarship and talent which, under such a reward system, could force an unfair competition between sisters and brothers.

Our second step, then, was to establish the connection between working and earning—between saving and successful attainment of goals.

After several "how-to-do-it" sessions and with patience in hand, we set aside certain household jobs for each child, on a rotation basis to avoid monotony.

Four of our seven children now receive a dollar a week in return for washing the supper dishes, clearing the table, putting the younger ones to bed, and helping with the ironing. On Saturdays, they baby-sit, help with the laundry, and clean part of the house.

Although the girls prefer taking over the culinary chores and experimenting with new recipes, we have tried not to discriminate between the sexes when it comes to division of labor, the underlying thought being that everyone should be able to take over in case of an emergency.

Nine-year-old Mark has learned, for example, that making hamburgers, beef stew, and chili can be fun—even if it is "girl stuff"!

None of my own cooking or baking ever brought such a distinct air of relish to his face as when he demonstrated his own cooking prowess to his friends.

"Gee, can I help, too?" stockbroker-playmate Timmy asked enviously.

In typical Tom Sawyer style, Mark has the neighborhood boys cleaning up the kitchen as a price for watching and testing his concoctions.

We have found it surprising how children, if left alone, soon learn the value of saving. The older girls often put their money aside in anticipation of summer camp, a special outfit, or a shopping spree with their grandmother.

Although the younger children seldom put off spending for more than a week, last spring our six-year-old daughter salted away half of her allowance for two months. Her inspiration? A pair of pink patent leather shoes that sat in the window of the local shoe shop.

We feel that although the purpose behind their saving may not be as lofty as putting aside money for a college education, this does not minimize the value of lessons they learned.

Hopefully, their financial self-discipline will rub off to accomplish other goals that inevitably will come with steps toward maturity.

Already 10-year-old Leslie is applying some of these lessons to other areas of her life. When the bathroom scales registered chubbiness, she put herself on a diet and lost six pounds. And, no longer does she threaten her clarinet with instant destruction—in fact, she rarely needs a reminder to practice!

Such self-discipline is also rewarded with the joy of anticipation. When Leslie was saving for a vacation with her grandmother, she faithfully deposited her money in a discarded valentine heart. Periodically, as she took down the red satin box and counted her coins, there were new considerations on how much to allot for movies, for shopping, and for treating her grandmother to lunch at a real "sit down" restaurant.

I couldn't help asking myself if Leslie's anticipation would have been as great if I had just handed her a $10 bill for spending money as she left for her trip.

You may ask, "Is there any danger of making a child into a miser with such a system?" Speaking from our own experiences, I can honestly say, "No."

Andrea's dollar a week usually is spent on a birthday gift—an expenditure that is not rare in a family of nine. Mark, too, is quick to treat his friends or brothers and sisters when "special occasions" arise. As for the older girls, they seldom return from a shopping spree without bringing small toys or books for the younger children.

We feel that every parent owes his child the freedom to experiment with his own money—to make his mistakes when the consequences are slight.

Hopefully, our children will not join the ranks of adults—even well-adjusted ones—who are seduced by the "easy life" promised by "enjoy now, pay later" propaganda. They may even grow up knowing how to handle money better than their mother and father. □

What makes a congregation vital? At Casa View, in Dallas, Texas, it is a combination of many things—including strong emphasis on adult studies, holding to the best in tradition, a willingness to experiment, and direct involvement in the life of the city.

They're TRYING to Be the Church

Text by NEWMAN CRYER / Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER

A VISITOR to the Casa View Methodist Church in Dallas, Texas, was surprised one Sunday night last fall to find that the movie *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* was being used as the basis for a discussion group. It was not exactly his idea of a religious film.

Such surprises are not uncommon in this 15-year-old congregation, which at first look appears to be quite untraditional. But a closer study reveals that it treats tradition and innovation in the same way—both are always tested before acceptance.

Recently, a leading member asked the district superintendent at a quarterly conference what he thought would happen if a church could really become *the* church.

"I'm not sure," the superintendent replied, "but I certainly would like to see it tried."

Today, none of Casa View's roughly 650 members would claim that his church has gone on to perfection. But clearly it is a congregation willing to try new things in its determination to be relevant in a rapidly changing world. Just look at these bits of evidence:

- Its strong educational ministry

A child ready for Baptism, underneath the ceiling-hung cross, literally is amidst the people, gathered around three sides of the centered altar.

Laymen get free rein to expose their deep-down religious beliefs, doubts, and questions frankly in the thought-packed Christian Living *discussion series, which all adult and youth members are urged to join. Participants can air any sparks-laden issue, but all must agree to honor certain ground rules.*

puts adults first. It includes four compulsory sessions for new members and depth studies on weekday evenings.

• In its sanctuary, which actually is an all-purpose room, the pulpit and Communion table are not where one might think they should be. And on its walls hang paintings by church members.

• It is fair to say that this is a church without a Woman's Society (or a men's club), although certain women are elected to office to retain communication with district and conference organizations.

• It regularly has Negro worshipers, sometimes as many as 25 on a single Sunday, though the immediate neighborhood is all white. Most are friends of Casa View members who work actively in Dallas Methodism's Inner City Parish.

• Because it welcomes new ideas that hold promise for renewal of church life and witness, this church is often tapped by national Methodist agencies to conduct pilot programs and experiments.

This openness to the new and the constant effort to deal frankly with basic questions can be painful. One member became physically sick when she thought everything she had learned about religion from childhood was being washed down the drain. But the pastor convinced her that many of her ideas were all right; they just did not go far enough.

Another member was converted and baptized as an adult after the preacher's fresh interpretation of the virgin birth and the Resurrection began getting through to him. But he gently warned that if the same explanation were given to biblical literalists, the preacher would get a punch in the nose.

They Started a Church Boom

Organized 15 years ago, this was the first of 20 congregations started in recent years by Methodism in Greater Dallas. Its original meeting place was a community hall, rented for $10 a Sunday, in a near-

"I have learned to listen," says the Rev. Wilfred Bailey, pastor since Casa View was organized in 1952. "When I'm with laymen, it can be more important than talking."

Outside Casa View's $75,000 all-purpose building, the younger generation gathers for chitchat before a Sunday service. Inside, a racially mixed congregation begins worship (below) in an arrangement that seats about 250 of the church's 600 members. Paintings of artist-members are exhibited regularly there.

by shopping center. For church-school classes, members begged Sunday space in a bakery, a print-shop, a doctor's office, wherever they could, until the first of two existing $75,000 units on Ferguson Road was completed in June, 1955. A year later the church-school unit was occupied.

Like many new congregations in Dallas, Casa View owes gratitude to the city's 9,100-member Highland Park Methodist Church for coming through with building-fund aid at a crucial time. Even so, some members recall pooling resources with credit-union loans and personal signatures on bank notes to finance the first building unit.

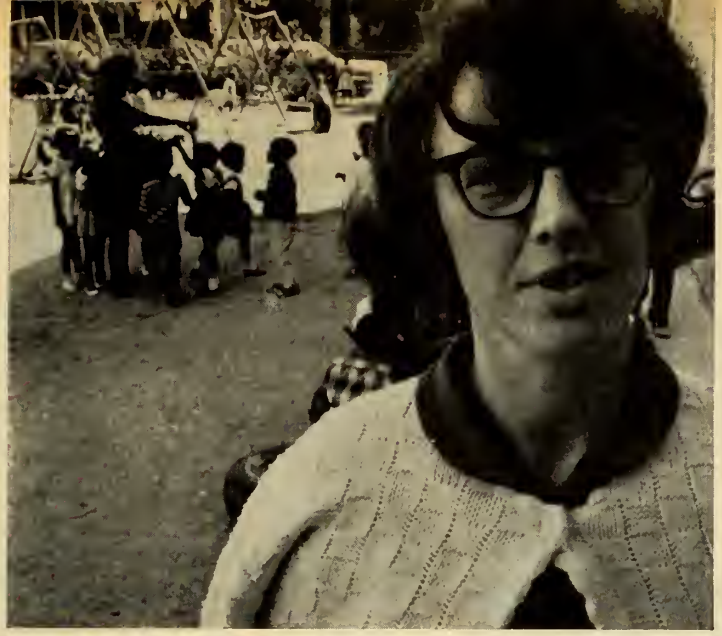
From its inception, the church has had as its pastor the Rev. Wilfred Bailey. A carrier-based dive-bomber pilot in World War II, he later studied at Perkins School of Theology in Dallas. Transferring to the Navy chaplaincy, he saw duty in the Korean War, and has maintained his commission by drilling two Saturdays a month at the Dallas Naval Air Station, and going on annual summer training cruises.

Membership Zooms, Drops

During its first five years, membership at Casa View zoomed close to a thousand and leveled off. About three years ago, during the national political campaigns and when right-wing groups were stirring, voices of dissent began a ripple through the church, as in many that did not follow or condone a reactionary line. When John Birch Society sympathizers and others sharply critical of the National Council of Churches began to complain about real or imagined faults, Casa View lost some 200 members. But the church and Pastor Bailey weathered this storm and have gone forward.

Though Casa View technically is within the city of Dallas, it resembles many a suburban congregation, with many white-collar and professional people, a few union members and junior executives. As

Senior highs meet 40 times a year with their pastor for serious Bible study. Those who pass the year-end exam get a half credit in high school.



Mrs. Mary Green (left), who represents Casa View in the Methodist Inner City Parish, aids projects like Warren Day Care Center. Her church also supports its own weekday kindergarten (right) for which teachers are carefully chosen. When children act out songs, their problems and fears often are revealed.

in a typical suburban community, there is a constant and rapid turnover in the population.

But this is not a typical church. Take for example, its strong, broad education program. It began with an emphasis on *adult* curriculum, and in the early years Wil Bailey taught the only adult class. When he saw there the potential for developing really strong, well-grounded laymen, Thursday-night seminars were added.

Today, every prospective new adult and youth member attends a mandatory series of four training sessions, at which it is made very clear what direction this particular church is going, what purposes its committees serve, and what is expected of its members.

But that is only the beginning. All full-fledged members are urged to enroll in the *Christian Living Series*, a basic course which deals with the meanings of Christian faith for people trying to understand themselves in our complex and changing 20th-century world.

We looked in on the first session of a new series recently, when the topic was "God." Discussion was typical, the ministers told us. Asked why they were there, laymen's reasons ranged from "because Wil Bailey said it was a good thing," to "I don't believe everything Wil Bailey says, and I wanted to see for myself."

The leader asked, "Is the symbol 'God' still meaningful?" and ideas began to bounce.

"God is like the wind, or the air."

"I can't go with the fundamentalist's idea that God is more concerned about liquor at the office party than he is about social injustices in Dallas."

"I don't need God to keep me in line. Why worry about God?"

"Someone said, 'God is simply a person's potential,' but I just couldn't stand the idea of worshiping my potential."

In dialogue like this, the minister takes the role of pushing participants into thinking deeply about the topic. "Can you deal with life without reference to religious categories?" he asks.

Mr. Bailey tries to help laymen see that Christian faith must be affirmed in the individual life. "If you want to find out what people believe about God," he says, "you don't need to take a Gallup poll. You just watch the way they live."

To dramatize, he asks, "Why visit a dying old lady who has nothing to offer anybody, and who can't contribute any money to your church?" Then he explains the Christian claim that there is meaning and worth in every human being. "A Christian is someone who lives life with complete seriousness," he adds.

In a session like this, everyone present gets pushed into some rethinking about the meaning of God in his own life.

Adult Studies Come First

Casa View's expanded adult program has resulted not only in more laymen with solid religious foundations but also in more people more actively involved in the church's life. Trained, willing teachers for church school and leaders for other church groups, for instance, are readily found.

But the ministers find they never can be satisfied. "Development of leadership is not cumulative. You have to keep training," says G. William Jones, minister of education. Among other duties he teaches classes in "Communication" and "Christianity and the Arts."

When he first joined the staff in 1962, he worked full time. After the church's membership sagged, he became part-time minister of education and began teaching at Southern Methodist University in the department of broadcast-film arts. He is also chief religious-education consultant for Films, Inc., a subsidiary of Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. That job came partly as

Christian Living Series *classes last three hours on Thursday nights. A firm rule at Casa View is that all events start on time, and the arrival of a latecomer causes no break in Associate Pastor Jones's lecture.*

a result of his experience in Casa View's adult-education programs, experimenting with movies.

Bill Jones believes strongly that a movie can bring a slice of life before an audience in a way that is realistic but not too personal to talk about easily. This way, people can be more objective in discussing it. He has used carefully selected films—*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, A Hatful of Rain,* and *The Long Hot Summer,* for instance—to stimulate discussion of such basic issues as integrity, expediency, prejudice, the meaning of death, and business ethics.

"Films have helped our people see more clearly where doctrine applies to everyday existence," Mr. Jones says. "At the same time, they have become more discerning critics of what the mass media have to offer. If enough people take this kind of critical look at commercial films and register their opinions where they count, conceivably the level of movie and television programs could be raised."

Commercial movies are just one type of resource the ministers bring to the educational program. Another is people. One recent speaker was Joseph Mathews, formerly director of the Christian Faith and Life Community of Austin, Texas, and now dean of Chicago's Ecumenical Institute.

Dr. Shubert Ogden and other top theologians from nearby Perkins School of Theology have led seminars at the church, and several have been part of the congregation at various times.

Woman's Society Abandoned

When Mrs. Porter Brown, who heads the Methodist Board of Missions, was brought to Dallas last year by the Casa View Church, she met with its Woman's Society. A few of the local women felt that the typical society pattern—a monthly meeting supplemented by coffee conclaves—was a waste of resources.

Someone had suggested that circles be abandoned and that, while the women should keep a skeleton organization for connectional purposes, they redirect their energy to work through other church organizations.

When the Casa View women shared this idea with Mrs. Brown, she was impressed by the spirit of the thing. "Go ahead and try it," she said.

This same openness to experimentation carries over into other programs, too.

Both ministers are alert for opportunities to take lay members wherever the action is. About every two weeks, a few lay members are rounded up for lunch with some Perkins professor, a visiting dignitary, or a local official to talk over what is going on in his field. The guest's honorarium is a sack lunch, which one of the members brings along with his own.

This church also has been somewhat experimental in worship. The altar and Communion rail in the multipurpose room that serves as the sanctuary have been moved from the narrow end to one long side, and more toward the center of the room. This gives the people a greater feeling of participation as they partly surround it, facing each other instead of seeing only the backs of heads.

There is a strong emphasis on worship as celebration, and a constant note of thanksgiving in the Sunday service, which comes partly out of materials John Wesley originally recommended for Methodism. "We participate in that which we do not bring into being, and which we cannot take out of this world when we leave it," Mr. Bailey reminds his flock.

Three years ago architects were employed to design a larger, permanent sanctuary, but before they could submit even a first sketch, they were required to become a part of the congregation's life, to really get the feel of it. Their plans were tabled when estimated building costs grew from $200,000 to $300,000 at the same time membership declined.

When a professor at Perkins noticed the usual drab religious prints that gather dust on walls of most churches, he suggested that Casa View Church ferret out artists within its membership and exhibit their work. "This inspires creativity," he suggested. "Worship has more meaning if the people put themselves into it." Ever since, members have been treated to continuing displays in the sanctuary.

This Church Gets Involved

Even with its emphasis on disciplines of the gathered church, this suburban-type congregation is far from being ingrown. Its members are constantly told they also

must do the work of the church outside its walls—whether as volunteer hospital workers, art teachers, staff of the inner-city parish, or writing campaign literature for political candidates.

From the beginning, members have been exposed to political studies. Seven members either now are or have been precinct chairmen, some as Democrats and some as Republicans. Yet the ministers are careful not to identify politics or racial problems with strategy.

Casa View is one of the churches supporting the Methodist Inner City Parish, a project of the three annual conferences that form a hub in Dallas. The work is in a deteriorating neighborhood on the city's downtown edge, inhabited mostly by Negroes.

"Unless we face the inner city, we can't really minister in the suburbs," Mr. Bailey says. "We told the parish leaders we had no money but lots of energy, and they put us to work."

One of Casa View's best contributions to the Inner City Parish is Mrs. Mary Green. Formerly church secretary, she left her paying job to become the volunteer director of education for the parish. One of her duties is talking churches into things like support for a day-care center for children of Negro working mothers, school busses to transport Negro kids who have been placed far from schools in gerrymandered districts, and getting scholarships for both white and Negro high-school students who otherwise could not afford college.

In dealing with segregation and other controversial issues, the ministers at Casa View Methodist Church have worked on the gracious assumption that people are *not* prejudiced. Anyone who speaks in meetings is asked to state his reasons for holding a certain position—or to admit that he is just expressing a feeling.

This approach has flushed out some latent prejudices, but it also has driven some segregationists and hard-core reactionaries either underground or out of the congregation. But many attitudes have changed for the better. Tensions have been worked out that otherwise would have grown and festered. "We are failing in evangelism unless we show people that they can be honest human beings and be in church," says Mr. Bailey.

In another dimension, this church's stress on stewardship would be considered unorthodox by some leaders. A professor of Bible, invited to come out and talk about money, told the congregation, "Don't think that just because you give to the church you're giving to God. And remember that God loves you whether you give anything or not." Then he warned about some hazards to tithing.

The church nevertheless works hard at stewardship along lines that "when a person accepts God's salvation as a gift, he is free to give himself in complete service." Casa View members' yearly giving at about $90 each is far above the national average for Methodists of about $61.50.

"People will give when they think that what their church is doing is important," says Pastor Bailey.

Some of the Casa View dropouts will tell you that a person has to be an integrationist, a liberal, and a Democrat (with a large *D*) to be a member. We talked with enough members to learn that this charge will not stand up.

In any case, this is a church that is *alive*. "No church knows for sure what being in mission is," the pastor says, "but we are trying hard to find out."

Its leaders have fought to avoid doing things just because they are thought to be avant-garde. They have kept a Wesleyan emphasis on social concern and distinctively Christian forms of worship. But they have pushed ahead with a purposeful vitality that would serve well as a model for thousands of other congregations. □

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

Five-year-old Gary gave a very loud, shrill whistle during the minister's prayer one Sunday. After church his mother scolded him and said:

"Gary, whatever made you do such a thing?"

With a grave and serious look, Gary answered, "For a long time I've prayed real hard that God would teach me to whistle, and today he did."

—Mrs. Ross M. Corbett, *Rainier, Oreg.*

•

When our grandson came home from his first day at Bible school, his mother asked him what he had learned.

"I learned a lot about God today," Billy replied, "and tomorrow I'm going to learn the rest of it."

—Mrs. M. H. Engle, *Nappanee, Ind.*

•

My minister-husband was left speechless one Sunday morning after church services when our son, then a first-grader just learning to count, rushed up to his father and breathlessly exclaimed:

"Daddy, guess what! I counted to 16 hundred and 10 while you were talking today!"

—Mrs. James Snell, Jr., *Rome, Ga.*

•

At the ground-breaking for a new educational unit, each child in church school turned over a small spade of dirt. Later in the day, one little girl was asked what had happened that morning.

"Well," she replied, "we dug for a new Sunday school, but didn't find it."

—Donice Alverson, *New Orleans, La.*

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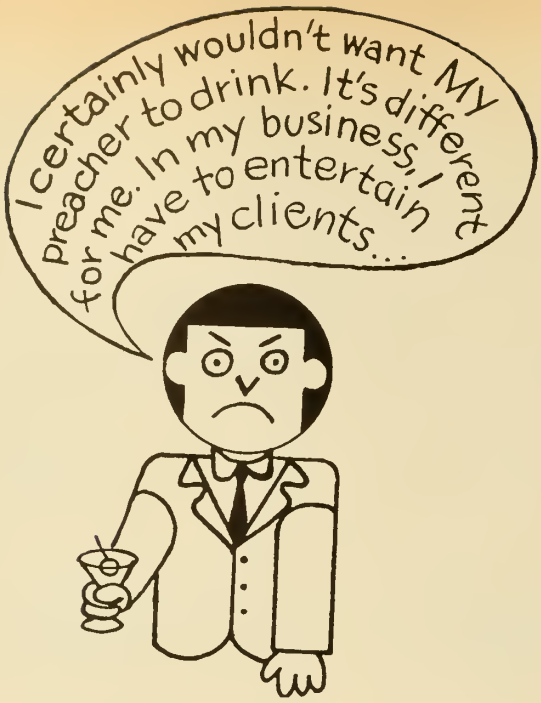
Together *pays $5 for each church-related joke it accepts for publication. Do you have one you'd like to submit? Send it along, but no postage, please; rejected contributions cannot be returned.*—Eds.



SPLIT-level LIVING

By JOHN L. DAVIS, Pastor
Burns Memorial Methodist Church, Aurora, Colo.

"No one can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon."—Matthew 6:24

FOR Jesus, a radical incompatibility exists between the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the god of mammon—the latter being the demonic power to which a person entrusts himself.

Few, if any, have unmasked the power of man's possessions as did Jesus. Nor has anyone given absolute allegiance to God as he did. His demand is history's great either/or: If man's heart is devoted to one, he cannot but hate the other. Choose, now, whom you will serve.

When we are honest with ourselves, most of us would prefer that Jesus had substituted the conjunctions both/and for either/or. Our true feeling can well be likened to the split-level homes in which many of us live. With each floor level only a few steps above or below the adjacent one, one can easily descend or ascend to any level depending on his whim or need.

Occupants of split-level homes will admit, however, that a Laurel-Hardy comedy situation can arise when husband meets wife at the turn of the stairs, each intent upon reaching the opposite floor in search of powder or pipe. Soon the carpet can wear thin and tempers can flare.

So it was in the parable of the two masters, thought to have been inspired by the New Testament custom in which a slave could be owned by more than one person. Inevitable conflict occurred.

The Double Standard

It is this way in contemporary living. We prefer a split-level attitude whereby we can descend to mammon or ascend to God as the occasion demands. Take, for instance, the split-level standards a layman applies to his minister and to himself. There is one standard of behavior for the ordained, who must not smoke, drink, or hear tales of the flesh. Yet the same layman who has labeled these acts taboo for the clergy insists on a second standard for himself—one that fluctuates between license and abstinence.

The layman reasons it this way: He is a man who must attend conventions in Las Vegas and in other cities. Goodness knows what is expected at such affairs if you are to keep a client! And this layman is one who must entertain in a certain fashion at the country club and on his backyard patio. Meanwhile he struggles for self-identity as a child of God and genuinely desires a religious experience in depth. To covet both means split-level living. To expect different standards for his pastor and himself reveals that he honors a split-level standard.

Langdon Gilkey, in his provocative book *How the Church Can Minister to the World Without Losing Itself*, illustrates the dichotomy between ministerial and lay ethics by relating an incident experienced by a young graduate student at Vanderbilt University divinity school. In order to supplement the soaring costs of his academic preparation, this student served as an interim pastor near Nashville, Tenn. Members of the congregation were well satisfied with his ministry. They even had plans to increase his salary until a resident pastor could be called.

Appreciation continued until one Monday evening when he was a dinner guest at a lay elder's home.

There he was offered a glass of sherry. Having been reared in a more "liberal" atmosphere, he accepted—with some surprise, but with delight. Southern courtesy continued to flow through the evening.

But the following day, he was notified by the church's governing body that his services no longer were desired. He had preached his final sermon for them. A rigid ethic of "holy" behavior, relaxed for laymen, still applied to the minister.

Isn't it time that we laid aside split-level attitudes and accepted one that calls forth God's grace and judgment upon all alike?

About Church Membership

Split-level attitudes are not limited to variance between ministerial and lay ethical conduct. In many a local parish, there is discrepancy between standards of membership.

For example, in one church I served most members had attained membership with little or no preparation, and continued with even less discipline. A couple of sessions for discussing the stewardship of resources, institutional life, and moral guidelines was the only prerequisite for young and old alike. Three families told me that, with a little bluffing, they did not even have to be present on the Sunday their membership was announced, much less subscribe to any covenant.

Compare, if you will, just the third section of the Rules of the United Societies laid forth by John Wesley:

> *It is expected of all who desire to continue in these societies that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation; thirdly, by attending upon all the ordinances of God. Such are the public worship of God; the ministry of the word, either read or expounded; the Supper of the Lord; private prayer; searching the Scriptures; and fasting, or abstinence.*

Fortunately, many of our congregations are getting a taste of this Wesleyan discipline. For several weeks they study diligently the Scripture and Methodist doctrine. Then, in full freedom, they choose discipleship under Jesus Christ that involves commitments to stewardship of time, talent, prayer, and financial resources.

Yet, what starts as disciplinary preparation can result in pandemonium. Sometimes new initiates are puzzled as to why the remaining members did not so prepare themselves, and why they have not also laid themselves on the block with written or oral commitments. How or what can a pastor answer?

"Well, you see, they already are members and are therefore excused." Would you accept this reply? Not unless you would sanction a split-level discipleship, one that roughly could be dated as before and after the pastorate of the Rev. So-and-so. Isn't it time we set aside a split-level standard of membership?

The Gospel: Not a Water Faucet

The split-level attitude is even more prevalent among churchmen out in the world than it is in the congregation's assembled life. I am not arguing as do those who rationalize the church's sickness by quoting the remark, "The church is like Noah's ark; if it weren't for the storm outside, you couldn't stand the smell inside." Rather, I am questioning why they do not live the Gospel in the midst of mammon, in the world where man works, re-creates, relates, and makes decisions.

We turn what we like to think is the Gospel on and off as if it were a water faucet. Spiritual water flows freely in the assembled life of the congregation, but the tap is closed when life moves beyond the church structure. The refreshing liquid gushes forth through the sabbath pipes, but the valve is shut tight during the remainder of the week.

The typical American churchman seems to believe our society is governed by a nebulous natural law that by and large sanctions standards of the bourgeois, of enlightened nationalism, and of equal-but-separate racism. He accepts poverty and its staggering accumulation. He takes for granted the misuse of judicial force and police brutality, whether it be in Atlanta, Albany, or Aurora. He defends segregation wherever it is the prevailing mood of his community. He rarely questions the horror of war. And all this he does without the least thought of compromising his faith. If he sees the Gospel as relevant, it is only so in personal and familial spheres. Consequently his "gospel" eliminates the wider community issues of politics, economics, and social welfare. This, too, is split-level living.

If you still are convinced that split-level attitudes do not prevail among churchmen, then go as the "man with the mike" into the streets. The first man you interview will be able to see very pointedly the denial and subservience to the world in other countries where the church seeks to exist under forms of government different from our own. He is particularly annoyed that in these countries the communist ideology is supported from the pulpit because of public and private pressures on the pastor. He asks how in that situation a true disciple of God could refrain from crying out in the name of the Lord against the suppressions, the tyranny, and the slave labor behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains.

It isn't that these are unworthy concerns. They are. But the split-level standard becomes obvious when the same person is queried about pulpit preaching in the United States.

"Do you approve of your pastor expounding about our country's international policies?"

"Of course not, that is a matter of national security." Or, "He had better not mix religion and politics if he wants me to give financially." Or, "Such controversial subjects might splinter the congregation."

Isn't it time we lay aside such split-level thinking and acting as we penetrate the world?

Now you must decide whether split-level living merits ultimate loyalty. Can anyone carry two melons in one hand? Jesus places the great either/or upon each of us. The choice is narrowed to which of two masters will be served. One choice is for God for whatever he demands; the other is for mammon, whatever the compunctions might be.

Which will be for you? □

—Courtesy E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento, Calif.

Sunday Morning in the Mines, *a painting by Charles C. Nahl (1829-1878)*

GOLD RUSH COUNTRY

Thousands of men, lured by the precious yellow metal in California, rushed into a maelstrom of lust, greed, and high adventure—and challenged the early church to one of its greatest tasks.

By HERMAN B. TEETER
Associate Editor

"This day some kind of mettle was found in the tail race that looks like gold, first discovered by James Martial, the Boss of the Mill." [1]

FOR MILLIONS of years the lofty Sierra Nevada mountains had waited, one likes to imagine, for someone to make just such an entry in his diary. That was the lot, finally, of a sawmill laborer at Coloma, Calif., on January 24, 1848.

Gold was for the taking—on the ground, under the earth, in the cold streams that cascaded down from the snowy Sierra summits. Gold was in the gravel, and it was thick-veined in the quartz ribs of the mountains. True, it did not ooze from the rocks like putty from between the fingers of a clenched hand, as rumor had it. But it was plentiful enough to yield hundreds of millions of dollars, and to stampede the nation and the world into the great Gold Rush of 1849.

The feverish delirium lasted for only a few years, but seldom in history have the elements of good and evil, of greed and unselfishness, clashed so suddenly and fiercely. And seldom has the church been called upon to rush in on short notice against such odds.

Crossing the Rockies and the deserts, the 49ers poured down the western slopes of the Sierras by way of the high passes—Truckee and Donner, for example. Some 40,000 survived the overland route, but many hundreds of others perished in desert wastelands, were killed by Indians, or froze to death under glacier-scoured ridges, and in snow-choked valleys. Some came by ship around Cape Horn, arriving too ill with scurvy to endure the ardors of the gold-mining camps. Others crossed the Isthmus of Panama, leaving their dead in fever-ridden jungles.

All told, between 1848 and 1852, an estimated 100,000 fortune hunters thronged into the Mother Lode country—a strip of the Sierra foothills extending some 120 miles south from Coloma into Mariposa County, California.

They were a motley aggregation from almost every nation in the world except Japan and Russia: lawyers, teachers, adventurers, army deserters, criminals, veterans

of the Georgia mines, Asians, Mexicans, and—with their trusty long rifles—gaunt Western mountain men who had forsaken fur hunting for the prospect of quicker riches.

The Sierras stood immutable, indifferent, roadless for the most part, harboring thousands of men who, in Methodist eyes, were lost not only to the world but to salvation. These men lived for only one purpose—to find gold somewhere in the foothills beneath the stark granite pinnacles, somewhere below the deep, mysterious canyons and the sheltering hemlocks. Few knew, perhaps, that the Mother Lode was once a solid vein of unimaginable riches, partially washed away by millennia of erosion.

They were men without women, for the most part. They lived in makeshift huts, or under shelters of canvas or tree limbs. They subsisted on beans, potatoes, and salt pork—when these were available—and they grew old in a year from undernourishment, overwork, exposure, and dissipation.

If they were men without the refining influence of women, they also were men without a church, men freed from the restraints of a civilized society.

Wise old John A. Sutter had foreseen what would happen when he learned that James W. Marshall, his millwright and carpenter, had indeed discovered "goald" at the sawmill site. Sutter was an enterprising Swiss-born promoter who arrived in California in 1839. He built a fort called New Helvetia and developed a settlement on the site of the present city of Sacramento. Because he needed lumber for his various enterprises, he contracted for Marshall to build a sawmill on the American River about 40 miles from the fort. While working in the tailrace [see page 33], Marshall picked up a few yellow flakes and a nugget about the size of a dime. Sutter swore his employees to secrecy for at least six weeks, but soon the news was out and the stampede began. Within four months, a San Francisco newspaper complained:

"The whole country, from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and from the seashore to the base of the Sierra Nevadas, resounds with the sordid cry of '*gold*, GOLD, GOLD!' while the field is left half planted, the house half built, and everything neglected but the manufacture of shovels and pick axes." [1]

Back east, across the deserts, the Rockies, and the measureless immensity of the Great Plains, news of the gold strike reached the ears of the Rev. Isaac Owen, an Indiana circuit rider who had raised funds to establish Indiana Asbury University, now DePauw at Greencastle. Assigned to California as a missionary, Owen set out for the Mother Lode in a covered wagon, arriving in the gold fields at about the same time as William Taylor, another Methodist leader, who reached San Francisco by ship.

Years later, Taylor would become world known as a foreign missionary and as a bishop, but Dr. Leon L. Loofbourow, long-time chronicler and authority on Christian pioneering in the West, singles out Owen as the "commanding figure in Methodism's Mother Lode experiences."

In his popular book *In Search of God's Gold,* Mr. Loofbourow states that Owen "did not know a letter of the alphabet until he was nine.

"At 15 he attended his first religious service. . . . It was said of him that he sought books as a miner seeks nuggets. Deprived of opportunity for school attendance, he found help in his off-duty hours, and was so diligent in the quest that he became a competent student of New Testament Greek . . .

"Owen was the knight of the saddlebags—organizing churches, insisting that they keep their records correctly, collecting gold dust at Fiddletown and a hundred other camps [see page 39] for the university [now the University of the Pacific] and the churches." [2]

Not a stranger to the rigors and roughness of pioneer life, Owen was appalled at conditions he found in the mining camps.

"It was a mad, furious race for wealth," wrote George F. Parsons, "in which men lost their identity almost, and toiled and wrestled and lived a fierce, riotous, wearing, fearfully excited life. . . .

"Season strongly with gold fever, bad liquors . . . quarrels, oaths, pistols, knives, dancing, and digging, and you have something approximating California society in early days." [2]

The small mining camps sprang up almost immediately, usually along a crooked street in the middle of a canyon where the sun seldom shone during the winter months. Soon there would be a few stores and pool halls, many saloons and gambling houses, and a red-light district.

Sunday was a day of "rest" for the miners, and almost without exception they laid aside their picks and shovels and headed for the nearest camp or mining town. But without churches, where could a man go except to a gambling house or saloon?

Favorite pastimes on Sunday were gambling, drinking, and fighting. Little wonder that Taylor was dismayed as he neared the Mother Lode, having asked the first man he met:

"Are there any gospel ministers or Christian churches in California?"

"We had one preacher," was the reply. "But preaching doesn't pay here, so he quit preaching and went to gambling. There was a church in town, but it was converted into a jail."

John S. Hittell, a California historian, declared:

"In no part of the world, perhaps, was there so much gambling and so much drinking as in California . . . . it almost seemed that everyone was given over to these twin vices." [2]

Owen and Taylor were not alone in tackling the problem. They were soon joined by other preachers, and missionaries from the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In the absence of churches, these preachers and exhorters sometimes held services in tents, even saloons and gambling houses.

One of the best descriptions of a Methodist preacher converting a saloon into a church comes from the Rev. Alfred Higbie, as quoted by Mr. Loofbourow. At one place, the preacher was introduced to a saloonkeeper.

"We're a pretty hard lot over here," the preacher was told, "but we'll try and use you well. . . .

Where are you goin' to spout?"

Higbie said he would like the best and most convenient place in town.

"Well, ye kin have my shop. I guess it is the biggest and best in town."

That evening Higbie was greeted by the saloonkeeper who turned to his noisy customers:

"I say, boys, we're goin' to have preachin' here, and here's the preacher. Put up yer cards; sweep up; slick up now."

In a few minutes things were in order, and other miners came in from the street. Higbie led the singing and preached. Then the saloonkeeper took a collection in his slouched hat. After counting the money, the "usher" said to Higbie: "Here's $50. Come again when you feel like it, and we'll give you $50 a pop." [2]

Incidents like this convinced Higbie and other early Methodists that the 49ers, in general, were a better lot than they pretended to be—more like unruly children turned loose without the ties of church and home.

It was inevitable, and in the Methodist tradition, that Owen and Taylor would see a partial solution to California's problems in the circulation of books throughout the mining camps. It was a tradition started by John Wesley in England more than a century before, and had been carried on for decades by Bishop Asbury and his successors east of the Mississippi.

On February 10, 1850, Taylor and Owen went to work with their own hands to build the first continuing bookstore in California. (Their monument today is The Methodist Publishing House's regional service center, and a Cokesbury bookstore, both in San Francisco.)

That original bookstore housed about $2,000 worth of books Owen had purchased and collected in the East before setting out for the Mother Lode. Thus it was that Owen provided what Taylor described as "the nucleus of 'The Book Concern of the Pacific.'" He added that he and Owen "thought nothing of time and labor, if we could thereby establish a good book depository, and supply the coast with a sound religious literature." [2]

Another who devoutly believed books important "for the redemption of the country from sin and error"—and lost his life proving it—was James A. Brooks, a lawyer, who joined the California Methodist Conference in 1856.

"He was assigned to one of the wildest circuits, both in scenery and humanity, the Salmon River," writes Mr. Loofbourow. "After two months winter came. The miners were snowed in with little to do but drink and gamble. So Brooks went down to Sacramento and started back with a pack of books said to have weighed 50 pounds."

Traveling by river steamer, stagecoach, and muleback, he reached Weaverville. "Then," says Mr. Loofbourow, "he set out on foot over the old Trinity Trail. It was snowing when he started.

"Late next spring someone caught a glint in the branches of a fir tree. It was a watch. Digging in the snow below they found Brooks' body and his precious books." [2]

After a few months or years, the bulk of the 49ers moved on to other adventures, or returned home broken and disillusioned. Others stayed to replace panning with more ingenious and productive methods of ripping gold from the earth. Many of the mining camps simply disappeared. Some of the small towns burned down and were not rebuilt. Those communities built around churches and schools were the ones most likely to survive.

At Coloma, the first Methodist church was organized in 1849, a year after Marshall discovered gold there. In 1850, congregations were formed at Sonora, Placerville, Georgetown, and Nevada City. Within the next few years, others were established in such communities as Mariposa, Ione, Jackson, Auburn, Grass Valley, and Downieville [see map, page 41].

Neither Isaac Owen nor any other personality is to be singled out for the lion's share of credit in the remarkable transformation that took place in the Mother Lode. Certainly it would not have happened without the church, nor without the Methodist traditions that were present even before the greatest shock wave of emigrants reached California.

It was a striking change in the moral climate of an entire area that enabled a Californian to write this vivid description in 1857:

"Seven years ago I was here, and on the Sabbath day . . . Then, instead of the music of the church bell, was heard the clangor of brass bands drawing victims to the gambling hells and liquor booths; instead of orderly men, virtuous women and innocent children, wending their way to the Sunday school and the sanctuary, the place was thronged with the devotees of dissipation, and the very hills echoed the discordant noises that proclaimed the absence of the civilizing presence of women. Sonora was then a temporary mining camp, flooded with gold, gamblers and rum; and Sunday was the day of high carnival.

"How different now! The church has taken the place of the gambling house—the family residence has superceded the grog shop . . . women and children walk the streets once monopolized by rowdyism of every grade . . ." [1]

In 1965 TOGETHER assigned its art editor, Floyd A. Johnson, to travel through the Mother Lode. His remarkable oil paintings on the next eight pages are the result.

Some of the old mining towns have been restored to the gaudy glory they knew during the Gold Rush. High above them, and clinging close to the summits of the mighty Sierras, are other wonders not made by man—giant redwood forests, for example, and the overwhelming natural fantasy of a place called Yosemite. Both are unchanged since the 49ers passed this way, the mere blink of an eye ago.

The old churches of the Mother Lode are here, too, along with the new—both still serving as symbols of a power greater even than gold to sway men's souls. □

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[1] *From* California Gold *(University of Nebraska Press, $1.60) by Rodman W. Paul. Copyright 1947 by Rodman W. Paul. Used by permission.*—EDITORS

[2] *From* In Search of God's Gold *by Leon L. Loofbourow (San Francisco: Historical Society of the California-Nevada Annual Conference, 1950). Copyright 1950 by Leon L. Loofbourow. Used by permission of the author.*—EDITORS

"BOYS, I BELIEVE I have found gold!" shouted James Marshall 119 years ago as he splashed through the tailrace at Sutter's new sawmill on the American River near Coloma, Calif. His discovery would challenge the church and spark a stampede for sudden riches unprecedented in the nation's history. Here, and in paintings on the the following pages, Floyd A. Johnson, *Together*'s art editor, captures the color, the heartbreak, and the challenge that faced Methodism on California's raw and rowdy frontier.

ISAAC OWEN, "the Francis Asbury of the Mother Lode country," preaches his first sermon at Grass Valley, sticking his cane in the ground and placing his hat on it for a pulpit. Owen, sent as a missionary by the former Methodist Episcopal Church, traveled overland by covered wagon, arriving in the fall of '49. Later he built a church here, the site of many large gold mines. Until his death at 57, Owen stayed in the saddle, organizing and building churches, distributing books, and promoting education.

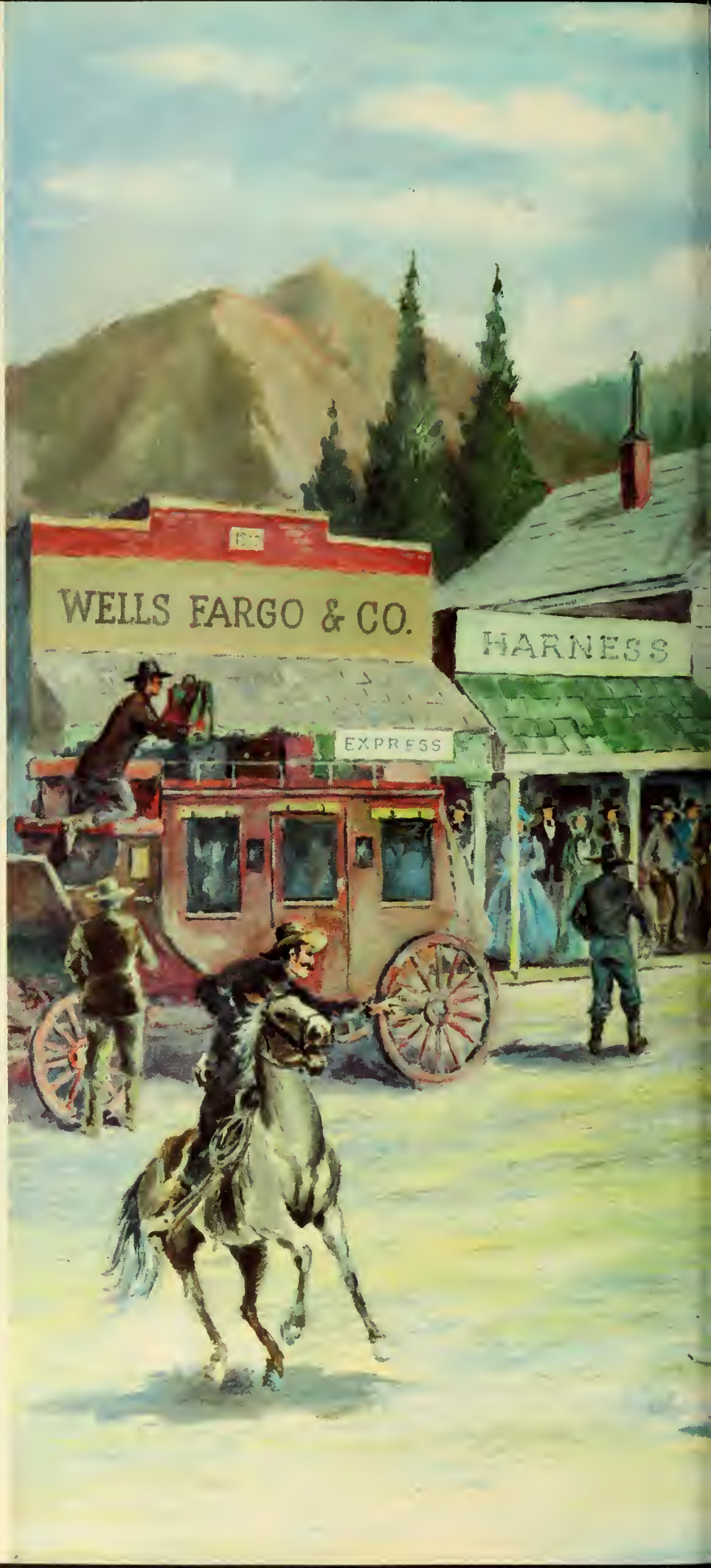
THE OVERLAND EXPRESS passes a Methodist church as it pulls into Placerville. According to some historians, this church was the first Methodist building in the gold-rush area and may be the oldest Protestant church structure in the Pacific Coast region. It was dedicated in 1851. Recently reconstructed on a new site, the frame building's materials originally came "around the Horn" by ship. Placerville was first called Dry Diggings, then was known for a while as Hangtown after five men were so executed.

MANY OF THE mushrooming mining camps long since have faded from memory. Others go down in history merely because of their unusual names—Bedbug, Freeze Out, Gouge Eye, You Bet, Lousey Level, and Whiskey Flat, for example.

Here and there along the Mother Lode, however, a number of larger communities gave promise of substantiality. One of them, Columbia, was selected in 1945 as the "best preserved" of the gold-rush era. It now is a historic state park that attracts thousands of visitors in the tourist season.

With Columbia as his model, artist Floyd Johnson recreates a Sunday afternoon in the 1850s. The Wells Fargo express has arrived. A drunken rider races his horse through the street, and a fight erupts outside one of the town's many saloons. In the foreground, Chinese miners confer with their employer; and outside the assayer's office, another miner loads provisions for the long trek to his claim in the Sierra foothills.

Nowhere in sight, as yet, is a church or a school.



SALOON
TRADING POS
ASSAY OFFICE
WAGONS
MINING EQ
STOVES & EXPLOSIVES

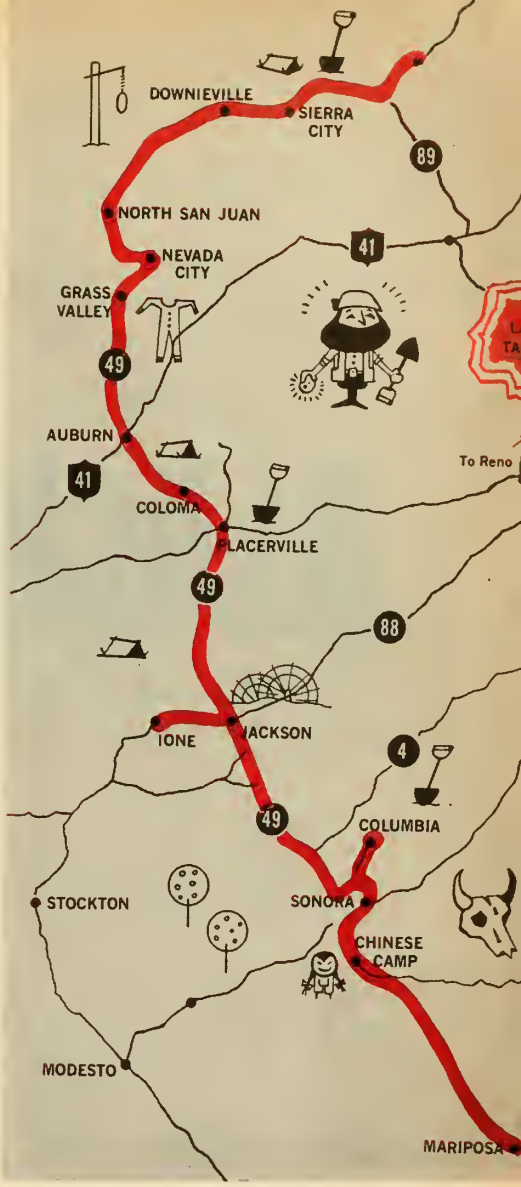
WITHOUT CHURCHES in which to hold services, the first preachers sought out the 49ers in their most popular gathering places—street corners, saloons, and gambling houses. Usually they were welcomed, for beneath rough exteriors many of the gold miners were hardworking, intelligent men. "It must not be supposed," one historian wrote, "that the gold seekers... in their earnest desire to improve their financial condition, should entirely overlook their spiritual welfare...[or] forget their early training."

PAYING THE PREACHER along the Mother Lode often meant offerings of gold dust from the miners themselves. Isaac Owen helped finance churches and a Methodist-related school (now University of the Pacific) in this manner. In the background is a typical hydraulic mining operation that soon replaced the pan, the cradle, and other primitive methods. Ten years after gold was discovered, the enterprising fortune hunters were running water through 5,726 miles of canals, ditches, and flumes costing some $14 million.

OLD AND NEW CHURCHES stand side by side at Mariposa, last stop on the southward route through the Mother Lode, contrasting with the ghost towns, emphasizing past and present in a picturesque area of the Sierra foothills. The first Methodist church was organized here in 1852. The old church at right, attended by several generations of Mariposa families, was built in the 1890s and last used in December, 1962, giving way to the new building. Many tourists, en route into Yosemite, stop here to worship.

Want a closer look at Gold Rush country? Here's our suggested—

MOTHER LODE TOUR



CALIFORNIA's "Golden Chain" (state highway 49) is a scenic and historic route in the rugged foothills of the Sierra Nevada. It roughly follows the fabulous Mother Lode for more than 200 miles between Sierra City and Mariposa. In early June, the time some tourists prefer, the hillsides are yellow with Scotch broom, and much of the countryside is abloom. Points of interest for Methodists, and for tourists in general:

SIERRA CITY: One of the world's largest gold nuggets, found here in 1869, weighed 141 pounds and was worth $30,000. Tourist attractions include the Sierra Buttes, Wells Fargo building, waterfalls, and gold mines.

DOWNIEVILLE: The Methodist church built in 1856, has an unusual history. At an unknown date, someone tunneled in from the river bank 100 yards away and undermined the church to reach a rich layer of gold-bearing gravel. As the building settled, the walls of the church had to be shored up and the foundation repaired. The old church now is in good repair and is still in use. Also of interest are an old gallows and a museum.

NORTH SAN JUAN: Hydraulic mining left a great gash in the hills six miles long, half a mile wide, and a hundred or more feet deep. This tremendous wash may be seen at the rear of the Methodist church, built in 1856 and still being used for worship.

NEVADA CITY: In August, 1850, the Rev. R. R. Dunlap "preached in a clapboard house to a hundred red-shirted miners." Tourist attractions include the county's historical museum, Pioneer Park, and a hotel built in the 1860s.

GRASS VALLEY: The Rev. Isaac Owen preached here to emigrants on his first Sunday in California [see painting on page 36]. Now the site of the beautiful Cathedral of the Hills, which replaced a Methodist church destroyed by fire in 1936. It is worth the time to read the historical marker at Grass Valley.

AUBURN: The old section of town dates back to gold-mining days. Interesting sites include the firehouse, and the Freeman Hotel built in the 1860s. A museum is operated by the county. The Methodist church was built in 1856. The parsonage is said to be more than 100 years old.

COLOMA: A special attraction is the monument of James W. Marshall who discovered a nugget in the millrace of Sutter's Mill and thus set off the great Gold Rush of 1849. The monument and a museum are at the gold-discovery site. Coloma was the home of poet Edwin Markham, who became a Methodist at 21 and was married in the Coloma church.

PLACERVILLE: This town first was called Dry Diggings, then Hangtown. Isaac Owen held the first regular Methodist services in a tent, and the church was dedicated in 1851. One tourist attraction here is a pioneer museum. A few miles south is Sutter Creek, named for John A. Sutter who mined the creek and looms large in Gold Rush history.

IONE: The Methodist church, built in 1862, has been named by the engineering school of the University of California as the most perfect Gothic building west of the Mississippi. The town was first called Bedbug.

JACKSON: This is the site of the once busy Kennedy and Argonaut hard-rock mines. Impressive tourist attractions are the huge tailing wheels which were used to lift waste from the Kennedy mine site after gold had been extracted from the rock. These wheels, idle since 1942, are the subject of this month's cover painting by *Together*'s Floyd A. Johnson.

SONORA: Lodging at Sonora's old Gunn House is excellent, according to Mrs. Mildred Johnson, wife of *Together*'s art editor. "All the luxuries of the olden days, plus the necessities of today—simply gorgeous!" she says. The town (population about 3,000) was founded by a Mexican family. It is the county seat of Tuolumne County, a rugged and scenic area of 2,200 square miles with more than 700 streams and hundreds of lakes.

COLUMBIA: A state historic park, reconstructed as it was during the Gold Rush, is an outstanding attraction. Columbia once had a population of 15,000 and produced more than $87 million in gold. Tourists who return say they always plan to spend a few extra hours here, and include a visit to the museum.

CHINESE CAMP: Founded in 1849 by Englishmen who employed hundreds of Chinese as miners, this was stage line headquarters in the early 1850s. Many of the Chinese eventually founded their own mining companies.

MARIPOSA: Last stop on the way to Yosemite, Mariposa has a courthouse built in 1854 which is said to have been in continuous use longer than any other in California. The town also claims the state's oldest newspaper in continued publication. A clock which has tolled the hour faithfully since 1866 has a bell weighing 267 pounds. □

BLACK REVOLUTION:
How Should Whites Respond?

By ROBERT B. McNEILL, Pastor
Bream Memorial Presbyterian Church
Charleston, West Virginia

AN UNPUBLISHED eartoon showed an earnest young elergyman in elerieal vest speaking through the bars of a Southern jail cell paeked to capaeity with Negro demonstrators. The eaption read: "Other than with a little burnt cork, how can I really identify with you guys?"

The faet is, he ean't, not even if he were on the other side of the bars with them. At the present moment, identifieation with the Negro is more difficult than ever for a white person. The white man thought he was establishing real rapport through partieipation in the eivil-rights movement, but the Negro revolution has taken a turn that has left him perplexed or, in most instanees, has simply left him. He has diseovered that the Negro people, their aspirations, and their methods, are not all off the same bolt of eloth. They are as factional as the white eommunity over the issue—maybe more so beeause of their greater sense of urgeney. They eannot ignore the issue; they *are* the issue.

So, a reappraisal is necessary, espeeially for persons who never have stayed elose enough to the issues in the first plaee and are still thinking of them strietly in blaek-and-white terms (no pun intended). The white man now has to establish some sort of approaeh to the blaek revolution amidst a very eomplex situation. The question is: What will it be?

I suppose I am as good an example as any of one whose rapport with the Negro movement has lapsed and who is somewhat mystified over the direction it is taking. I grew up in Bull Connor's Birmingham, beginning a half eentury ago.

It was not until the late '40s and early '50s that I developed any conscienee about it. How hesitant and furtive were the steps I took, when I look back on those times!

Yet even my cautiousness failed to proteet me in the setting of the South. By 1959 I was diseharged from my Presbyterian pastorate in Columbus, Ga. Since then I have had very little to lose so have become more outspoken, more unequivoeal. And yet I have to ask myself over and over: What am I doing?

Am I just trying to get the Negro off my conscience? Am I engaging in an act of self-purification? And am I still drawing invisible lines beyond which I hope the Negro will not step, nor challenge me to cross?

The 1964 civil-rights legislation brought temporary relief to my conscience. The ball game is over, I thought; all we have to do now is sweep out the stadium. But relief has not been forthcoming to oppression that is as yet beyond the reach of law, especially as related to those Negroes below their own middle class. Many of my colleagues termed white liberals either do not realize this or, sensing it, refuse to acknowledge it. The temptation is to settle down with them and declare that we have done all that should be asked of us from our side. But to do so is to widen the breach between us and the present Negro leadership. It is to hear the term "white liberal" used in tones of contempt.

At first I recoiled at this, just as I did when I heard Stokely Carmichael lead Mississippi Negroes in their chant for "black power." My emotions told me that we, their best friends and advocates, were being bypassed and scorned. But my better judgment now tells me that probably they are right, that their more formidable adversary is not the bare-fanged segregationist (who is now a recognized absurdity) but rather the white liberal, with his clucking noises of moderation and painful deliberateness.

There is yet time for us to tell who is kicking the ball which way. But we have to keep abreast of the course of their movement—not just academically but by getting in there with them, especially at the precinct levels.

The Negro organizations are multiple, each with its own special emphasis, ideology, mode of operation, ultimate goal, attitude toward whites and toward blacks not of their own class or persuasion [See *Black Power*, January, page 26].

A more or less rough division would look something like this: On the conservative side would be found the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), and National Urban League.

All three espouse nonviolence, not only as a method but as an ideology. Their common goal is a fully integrated society, without any preoccupation with the subject of intermarriage. Dr. Martin Luther King, for example, has said repeatedly, "We want to be your brothers, not your brothers-in-law." All three encourage membership and participation of whites. Aside from their belief in integration at all levels is the practical necessity of maintaining financial and political support, especially from Northern white liberals.

A special word should be said about the nonviolence of these groups—particularly as it relates to civil disobedience (as contrasted with lawlessness). Civil disobedience in this country is at least as old as Henry David Thoreau's protest against the Fugitive Slave Act. Mahatma Gandhi studied Thoreau's civil disobedience and used it against the British colonial government. Dr. King, in turn, studied the methods of Gandhi and brought them back to this country.

Dr. King and his colleagues seem to adhere to four principles that differentiate them from the lawlessness which less responsible Negroes have practiced:

1. A law, considered to be oppressive, is openly and obviously violated.
2. In the breaking of that law, the violator voluntarily takes the prescribed penalty whether it be a fine, imprisonment, or both.
3. In the violation of the law, no injury is done to anyone and no property is damaged or destroyed.
4. The purpose of the breach, ultimately, is to give more liberty, not license, to a greater number of people.

The result of adherence to these principles and the rise to power of more belligerent organizations that have repudiated nonviolence has made Dr. King and his colleagues almost as respectable in many places as the local chamber of commerce or the parent-teachers association.

In contrast to these larger and more established organizations are two militant groups, Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) and Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee (SNCC). Neither ever espoused nonviolence as an ideology, but only as the most practical tactic. Both have recently repudiated it as a method of accomplishing their ends, and also have cleared their policy-making boards of white counsel. They seem to be unclear at the moment as to whether they want integration or black enclaves with total freedom of movement into and out of white society.

'. . . probably they [Black Power advocates] are right, that their more formidable adversary is not the bare-fanged segregationist, who now is a recognized absurdity, but rather the white liberal, with his clucking noises of moderation and painful deliberateness.'

Clustered around and sometimes infiltrating these two divergent groups are certain satellite organizations to the far left and far right, but all of which might be called radical.

The best known are the Black Muslims. Their aim and practice is segregation-in-reverse. Their strength is in the big cities such as New York and Chicago. Their influence is strong among those who live in black ghettos and who feel almost total ostracism from the white-power structure and the hated police who patrol their districts. What they really want in terms of clear objectives is hard to fathom.

Jerry Pogue attempted to explain the Muslim in an article in the *Southern Courier*, published in Montgomery, Ala.:

"I sense that the Black Muslim movement or ob-

jective is to free the Negro populated areas from absentee ownership by white landlords who escape to their $100,000 homes in Whiteville with sacks of money from the main drag, leaving its frustrated Negro victims empty-handed, confused, misused, and evidently abused."

Another element in the racial spectrum consists of small, semilocalized groups that are for the most part socialistic, but which have racial interests and overtones. Typical are the W. E. B. Dubois Clubs. Most of them sprang up in or around California about the time of the Berkeley incident. I have asked Negro intellectuals in the South and East about the Dubois Clubs; few know much about them, concluding that they could not cut much ice or they would be better known.

These groups, despite their various names, refer to themselves as members of *the movement*. They are the most avid opponents in this revolution of our present American system (not necessarily the governmental structure), which includes the universities they attend and in many cases drop out of. They are without any clear idea as to where or how far their socialism will take them. They are primarily activists, ready at a moment's notice to jump into a demonstration whether it be against the university's suppression of free (or filthy) speech or the government's bombing of North Viet Nam.

'. . . the experienced Negro is more of a realist —or a cynicist—than he was. For his recent experience indicates that to combat raw power with moral persuasion is a painfully slow process. Instead, he sees the need of generating a power of his own.'

Ideologies they don't go for. Ideologies are too abstract, too long-range. For this reason, the Communists do not fit with them at all and are usually excluded.

Then there are the Deacons for Defense and Justice, originating in Louisiana. There is nothing complicated about these Negro men. They simply decided that if the Klansmen, especially around Bogalusa, were allowed to bear arms and shoot or intimidate people, they would match them pistol for pistol and shotgun for shotgun. Strangely enough, law-enforcement officers know they are bearing arms and are doing little about it. They seem to sense that the red-necks are loath to start any rough stuff if they know that buckshot can fly both ways.

The Deacons' policy is to be a kind of task force wherever there is a gathering of Negroes who are not properly protected by the police. They were in evidence, but not conspicuously, during the Mississippi march last summer. They were not invited and they did not ask permission—they were just there with their weapons and their patrol cars, which included a fairly efficient intercommunications radio system.

An interesting and symbolic conversation took place between Ernest Thomas, a founder of the Deacons, and a white liberal who had come down from the North.

"What are you trying to do to the march?" the Northerner asked Thomas. "We are supposed to be nonviolent, and now it's all over the country that armed Deacons are with us."

"Well, good," Thomas said. "Then maybe the Klan heard about it, too. That'll help keep them off us."

"Many people who would have come down to join our march won't come now," the white man replied.

"Whose march?"

"Our march. Whose do you think it is?"

"The black people's march," Thomas answered. "We're the ones who're catching hell and are going to catch it even worse after the march is gone. You don't have any right to tell us how to defend ourselves if we are attacked."

That conversation between a northern white, who was drawn to the movement because of its nonviolent, brotherly love principle, and an arms-bearing Negro, who simply wanted to protect his people from bloodshed, points up the present issue with utmost clarity.

Dr. King knew of the presence of the Deacons. He repudiated violence and arms-bearing, but he did not repudiate the Deacons. Dr. King fought a running battle with Stokely Carmichael over the racial overtones of the slogan "Black Power," and declared he did not want power in the hands of any people, black or white, to be used against the other. Yet he did not then and he has not since repudiated SNCC's Stokely Carmichael or CORE's Floyd McKissick.

Perhaps herein lies the genius of Martin Luther King. He makes room for all these divergent groups in the movement, yet without hedging on his basic philosophy of nonviolence. In this way he continues to maintain his position as titular head of Negrodom and continues to receive support of white sympathizers. At the same time, he can gain concessions from a tough-minded white power structure which knows that if it rebuffs him it will have SNCC and CORE to deal with next.

Still, Dr. King has had to step up the pace and increase the aggressiveness of his nonviolent activity to keep the Carmichaels and the McKissicks from retiring him from leadership. His position is always in jeopardy because of these pincerlike pressures. They make their gains not by working together but by being in tension with each other.

This brings us to the big scare phrase, "Black Power." Americans were alarmed last summer when they witnessed on television a Stokely Carmichael standing on the tail gate of a truck in Greenwood, Miss., roaring in cheer-leading fashion, "Black power! Black power!" until the crowd took up the chant. Yet when all the definitions are in, we are going to realize that the slogan means pretty much the same thing to all the divergent groups.

For example, here are some quotes from Negro leaders:

Carmichael in Harlem: "We wouldn't know what the hell to do with this monster [federal government]. We just want to get white people off our backs. We have to control our communities . . . Harlem belongs to us. It is ours. We should not only rule it, we've got to own it, lock, stock, and barrel. If they mess with a man in Los Angeles driving his wife to the hospital or a man walking down a highway in Mississippi, they'll have to mess with all of us."

Dr. John Nixon, Alabama NAACP chairman, at Sheffield: "What you need to do here is to threaten the industrial climate—threaten the white man's dollar . . . We need *people* power and we need to put our emphasis in action."

Walter Fauntroy, executive director of SCLC's Washington bureau: "Green power. Nothing more is needed, and nothing less will suffice. Now write that down."

What they all seem to be saying in one way or another is that they want:

1. Human dignity, so Negroes can be proud of their Negro-ness without having to become "white" to gain respect.

2. Political organization, so Negroes can vote Negroes into public office where they are a majority, or at least can become the balance of power where they are a substantial minority, gaining concessions in exchange for votes.

3. Access to economic resources—meaning good jobs, property, and even federal assistance.

4. Exercise of these and other freedoms without physical or economic reprisal.

So "Black Power" has taken the place of earlier civil-rights slogans such as "Freedom," "Equality," and "Justice." The ends are the same, but the experienced Negro is more of a realist—or a cynicist—than he was. For his recent experience indicates that to combat raw power with moral persuasion is a painfully slow process. Instead, he sees the need of generating a power of his own to break into the American system, which at least *professes* liberty and justice for all.

But who will win out in this power struggle among the several divergent forces within the revolution?

In all likelihood, the more radical elements will exert the most pressure and will more vividly dramatize the issues. The socialist groups and Black Muslims will prod SNCC and CORE, who in turn will goad NAACP, SCLC, and the National Urban League, who in turn will confront the white power structure with more urgency and momentum than before.

In the final analysis, it will be the Kings, the Youngs, the Randolphs, the Wilkins, the Proctors, who will win the concessions and solidify the gains. But no one force will be victor. All will play their part—not working together, but upon each other.

This brings us back to the original question: What should be the white man's role in the Negro revolution? As I see it, there are four approaches he can take.

1. He can repent of ever having shown any sympathy for the Negro because the Negro has turned fanatic; he's gone wild; he's wrecking the place. Besides that, he has given us the brush-off. It's no longer "Black and White Together" but "Whitey Go Home."

2. He can, without discrimination or proper evaluation, join himself to any Negro organization or action that comes along. This could ruin his effectiveness both with the whites and with other Negroes of sounder judgment and cooler heads.

3. He can withdraw, at least temporarily, his interest and activity to wait and see how this internecine struggle among Negroes comes out. Let them settle their differences and get organized again, and then we will put in with them when we know where they are going. The problem with this approach is that if the white man waits for a revolution to become uncomplicated, he is going to wait forever.

4. He can continue his involvement. Only in this way can he understand events from day to day and the forces and counterforces that are pressing this revolution to an ultimate solution.

I have concluded that there *is* a role for the white man in this drama, not a leading but certainly a supporting one. He must keep open the lines of communication with the Negro community. He must exert the utmost of his power and influence to combat discrimination in schools, voting, employment, housing, and the hundred other areas in which one race can operate to deprive or humiliate another race.

'The temptation is to . . . declare that we have done all that should be asked of us . . . . But to do so is to widen the breach . . .'

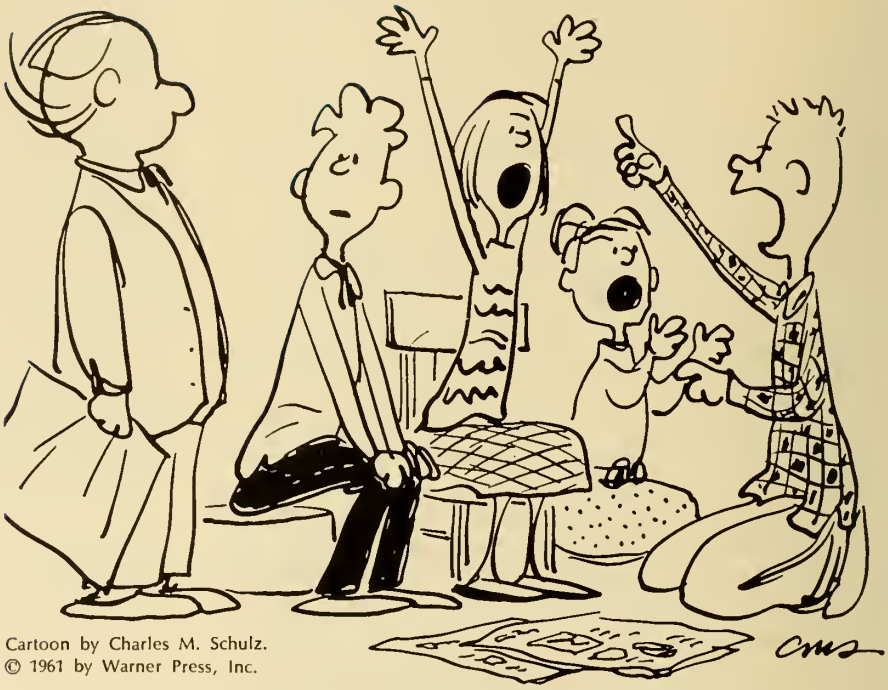
Above all else, the white man must eradicate those evils, especially in city ghettos, which eventually cause an otherwise gentle and reasonable people to go berserk and resort to wild orgies of destruction and bloodletting. This wantonness is self-defeating, and it could well deprive the revolution of a happy climax. But it is in the hearts and nerve centers of these beleaguered people that the revolution persists, not in those of the well-dressed, sophisticated middle-class Negroes that you greet warmly at the teller's cage at the First National. In fact, according to Lerone Bennett, Jr., senior editor of *Ebony* magazine, the revolution is being waged as hard against the so-called talented tenth or *the establishment* of the Negroes as against the whites.

The white man must eradicate these evils with a profound sense of repentance that he and his fathers before him have been so irresponsible, so oblivious as to allow these evils to originate and fester under their very eyes—without creating a tug of guilt.

We may never know what the Negro is thinking—our white mentality may be too imperceptive for that—but we ought to know when he is hurting and we ought to hear when he is crying. Then, for God's sake, we ought to listen! □

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz.
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"This is a desperate theological discussion, Dad, centering around the question, 'Is it all right to watch on TV movies you were forbidden to watch in theaters?' "

LETTERS KEEP coming asking about the Peace Corps and missionary service. In January's *Teens Together* [page 57], we printed a letter from a girl whose parents discouraged her interest in service in another country.

They did not believe she had the strength to live without all the luxuries we take for granted. Now a fascinating answer to her letter has come from a member of the Peace Corps. Here it is:

DEAR L.J.: I am a Peace Corps volunteer in West Africa. I read your letter in TOGETHER magazine, the January issue. I'm very glad that you want to be a volunteer. It is a good thing for you to think seriously about what you want to be when you finish school.

However, you will not need to make the final decision for six or seven years. By that time you will have your education, and you will possess the abilities you need to do your work successfully.

When I was your age I remember thinking about the same puzzling problem. I decided that I would learn as much as I could, so I would be prepared for anything. Everything I have learned has certainly been useful to me here in Africa.

You should not be discouraged because your family and friends do not think that you could live in a country without modern conveniences. Remember that your parents are looking at you as a girl of 14 years. They cannot possibly imagine you as a young woman of 21 years.

You said in your letter that you wanted to learn to treat tropical diseases. It would be a fine thing if you learned this *before* becoming a Peace Corps volunteer. Then when you join you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you offer a real service to the people to whom you minister. People in Africa are in great need of doctors and nurses.

If you really want to help others, study hard and develop your own abilities. Then you can teach others, or bring them other skills which they really need.

I am a French teacher at Wesley School in Segbwema, Sierra Leone, West Africa. If you want to know more about the life of a Peace Corps volunteer, write to me at my school address. Perhaps your parents would no longer have misgivings if they knew what my life was really like and what great satisfaction I have in working here.

(Signed) BONNIE LEE BENKA

Q&A

I am a girl, 16, and going with a boy, 15, who lives with his grandmother and stepgrandfather. He says his father died when he was very young. He goes often to visit his mother in another town. I found out that his mother's last name is the same as her mother's before she remarried. If my boyfriend's mother had ever married, she and her son would have a different last name. Now, do you draw the same conclusions as I do? Do you think he is illegitimate? Should I probe further, or talk to him about it?—M.R.

Why should you be so curious about that? I am sure the boy is legitimate. He is one of God's sons, and that takes care of his legitimacy. Whether his mother had a legal husband is another matter. I can see why a lawyer trying to trace down an inheritance or an insurance claim might be interested in discovering that. But I fail to see why it should make one iota of difference in your attitude toward the boy. Leave the detective work up to those who have a nose for that sort of thing.

Q&A

I am a young woman, age 19. While in school I got mixed up with a gang who wore black-leather jackets and rode motorcycles. I left my church over four years ago, and ran wild and free. I now have a record as long as my arm.

I broke away from the gang recently and met a man, age 26. We have gone on many dates and spent money freely. I like him for a change, and he is also a challenge for me. I thought I was doing fine, and had found what I was looking for. He has peculiar, rich friends, but it didn't bother me.

One night the police came to my

door. They say the man I have been dating is a member of an underworld syndicate. I am still dating him, because now I am afraid of offending him. I'm running scared! How can I break out of a spot like this? Should I change my name and run from the state? After four years, would my church accept me back?—T.C.

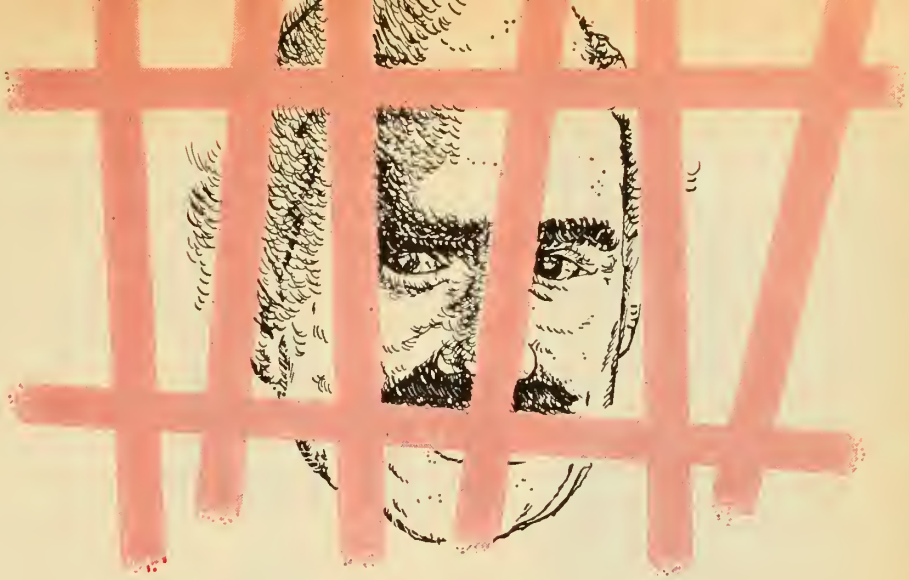
Yes, your church will accept you back. You have heard of the prodigal son who swallowed his pride and came the long way back home. The same goes for prodigal daughters. None of us ever gets out beyond the long arm of God's love. Go to your minister. Tell him you are fed up with your present life, and want God's help in starting a new one.

If you believe you are in danger, or if you cannot find the inner strength to make the break, perhaps you should move away for a few months. Do you have relatives to whom you could go? They could help you find a job and a place to live. If you need help finding a place, send me your name and address and I will do some checking. Also, I could give you the name of a friend of mine, who is a skilled counselor in your city. He will know someone who could help you to overcome the inner forces which may be pushing you into trouble.

Q.

This is petty, but it still bothers me. What is the Christian approach toward people who treat you less than human? I must be a sucker or something because some people very calmly order me around. They seem to feel I will do things for them no one else will do. For example, today at lunch a girl asked me to get her a Coke. I had gone through the line to get my lunch and saw no reason to trot off on an errand for her. She has done this before. This time, I asked her why she couldn't get her own, but she made me feel like I was making an unnecessary fuss, and I ended up going, anyway. I was always taught to stand on my own two feet. Why should others expect me to run around for them? Should I refuse? Is there a tactful way to avoid being ordered around?—K.G.

People who are willing to be used as doormats always seem to attract a crowd of those who are able to con them into it. The tactful way we used to handle the con artists was to fix them with a steady stare, say firmly,



I Didn't Outgrow It!

WHAT MAKES one teen-ager turn to violence and other forms of delinquency, while another is an inspiration to his family and his community?

The scope of the problem is wide and complex, and perhaps there is no one definite answer.

But here is one piece of advice from behind the high gray walls of Southern Michigan Prison. As an inmate, I consider myself something of an authority on the subject of juvenile delinquency.

This "old con" cannot help but wonder just who is responsible for the increasing number of youngsters barely out of their teens who are getting prison numbers stamped on their shirttails.

Take it from me, there is plenty you parents can do to help remedy what is going on in our country today. Take heed of *four little words* which you may be using as you rear your children.

These four little words can mean the difference between a healthy youngster who goes by the rules and a delinquent who ends up behind prison bars.

How many times have you let one of your youngsters get away with some caper, excusing him with, "Oh, he'll outgrow it"? Are these familiar words to you? If so, forget you ever learned to say them!

Let's say you have a boy eight or nine years old. Does he rebel against your authority? Does he do as he pleases? Does he give his teachers a bad time in school? Does your reprimanding do absolutely no good? Do you figure all this is a phase children go through, and dismiss your concern with, "Oh, he'll outgrow it"?

Allow me to inform you, if you permit your child to continue on this path, he may get bolder a few years later and think it the smart thing to steal a car or snatch a purse. Reformatories from Maine to California are full of teen-agers and young adults who "didn't outgrow it."

There may be other signs to indicate your youngster is in danger of ending up in trouble with the law.

Do you fear leaving money lying around in the home because Junior will snitch it? Would you give a youngster like this a little talking to and think to yourself, "Oh, he'll outgrow it"?

Get wise to yourself! If a child gets away with a caper like this, he'll soon think he has a license to pick up money that doesn't belong to him. And it might not be long before he kicks in a store window or door to get it.

As I have reason to know, cellblocks are filled to near capacity with young folk who "didn't outgrow it."

Yes, parents can help curtail teen-age delinquency by forgetting those four little words. They can help by putting the brakes on a youngster before he is started in the wrong direction.

That's my advice. It comes from a fellow who wishes his parents had taken action instead of saying, "Oh, he'll outgrow it." You see, I never did.

—JAMES L. SCALES

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Is guitar music better than organ music for church? Not for me; I happen to believe that there is no music so uplifting and outreaching as that produced by a full-voiced organ. (And I never cease marveling at the organist who plays with both hands and feet and directs the choir with nods and shakes of the head!) But I must remember that the whole purpose of the church is not to satisfy me.

The average person starts attending church because the service ministers to his needs. Then, if he grows up spiritually, he comes to the place where he wants it to meet the needs of others, even if it neglects his own.

Alan Walker, noted Australian evangelist, says that churches planned for non-Christians would be far different from those we have. Such churches would be churches-in-halls, churches-in-the-theater, house churches, churches-in-the-open-air. "The organ would, in these services, be replaced by the modern instrument," he says. "After all, the organ tube is not the only pipe through which the wind of the Holy Spirit is heard."

Is the devil dead? It is some years since I have heard (or preached) a sermon on the devil (whether capital or lowercase *d*), but I have heard many sermons on God, and I have been helped by all, even some I preached myself.

The devil is, of course, the means some people have for explaining the presence of evil in the world. That evil is here needs no proof; that evil is demonic, beyond the contriving of man, is obvious, too. That the devil, personalized or socialized as a force or power, is needed to account for man's sinfulness, is another matter.

Man can be sinful and sinning without a devil to explain (and take the blame for) this mystery of the ages. I do not believe in a personal devil because I do believe in a personal God. God, through us or in spite of us, will conquer the evil in the world. If you don't believe it, read not Sartre but Revelation.

Bishop Nall, once editor, now administrator, agrees with Albert H. van den Heuvel, theologian, that the question-after-answer is important, and he invites correspondence with those who are not satisfied with his answers. "But, you know," he adds, "some questions are unanswerable." Bishop Nall heads Methodism's Minnesota Area.

"Who was your servant last year?" and then ignore them.

It surely is not a Christian virtue to allow yourself to be used or walked on. A warm and generous good-heartedness is quite a different thing from a passive spinelessness. The first grows out of and strengthens self-respect, while the other springs from a fear that we cannot be loved for ourselves alone, and is self-defeating.

Q&A

I am a boy, almost 18. My girl friend is 18. We have been going steady for about two years. She is a freshman in college, and I plan to start college this fall. We are very serious about each other, and have talked marriage many times. We love each other so much that we are confused about whether to marry now or later. My parents would approve an early marriage, but her parents think I am not mature enough to handle the heavy obligations marriage brings. I think I am. What do you think we should do?—J.H.

Frankly, I would encourage you not to marry so young. Social-science studies show that early marriages are very shaky. While you are no doubt quite mature, both of you have some growing up to do yet. If you will talk to older friends you will find many who wanted to marry at your age but who now are grateful that they waited. Looking back, they can see they were not really ready to make such a commitment. Why not complete at least a couple of years of college first?

An excellent new movie, entitled *For Better, For Worse,* has been produced by the Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission. It portrays a young couple struggling through the first months of an early marriage. Your minister or youth counselor can rent it from the Cokesbury Book Stores. Why not schedule it for your MYF group soon? For more study materials, write to Dr. Edward Staples, at the Department of the Christian Family, Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

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Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. ***Write to him c/o*** Together, ***Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.***—Editors

Teen-agers used to complain there was nothing to do, not even a bowling alley or a movie to go to in their prosperous New Jersey community. That was before the local MYF turned their church's fellowship hall into a teen center—for all the kids in town.

MYF—With a Big Difference

By MARTHE and MURRAY GROSS

TWO YEARS ago, when young people of the Methodist Church in Chatham, N.J., proposed a new project that was unconventional even by freewheeling standards of the Methodist Youth Fellowship, some adult members raised more than their eyebrows.

"It can't work," some said. "Too risky," chimed in others. "Our church shouldn't get involved in that sort of thing," a few declared.

The idea was to establish a teen center in the church's fellowship hall and to open it to all the kids in town, regardless of church affiliation. To the MYFers, the argument for such a center was clear-cut: the comfortable town of 10,000 had no place where young people could gather for a good time on weekends. Providing such a place, they felt, would serve themselves, their peers, and their community as well—and, after all, isn't service a primary function of the church?

Thanks to strong support from the church's three ministers and to the enthusiasm of the MYFers, who have carried the burden of responsibility themselves, the center was established. Today it continues stronger than ever, with virtually unanimous community support.

The Grotto, as the center is called, happens every other Saturday night. It offers live music (usually a Beatle-bobbed five), dancing under pastel floodlights, and soda-sipping at tables spread with checkered cloths. The combination usually attracts 400 to 450 young people biweekly, but MYF President George Martin still speaks with awe of one hectic night the first year when 750 turned up!

Problems such as gate-crashing and drinking, which have plagued other teen programs started by church or school groups, have been avoided by "reasonable but not harsh or snoopy" chaperoning and the hiring of one or two off-duty policemen, who wear their uniforms and "circulate so they can be seen," as youth minister Dennis Bowers describes it.

Such careful planning has paid off. At the height of the football season last fall, for instance, boys from a nearby town vowed to drive to Chatham and crash the Grotto to get revenge for a team defeat. Fortunately, word of their plans leaked to Chatham high-school students who, although they were not members of the MYF, warned their friends to be on guard.

When the out-of-towners arrived, they were confronted coolly by Mr. Bowers, the off-duty policemen, and a small contingent of Chatham police, and ingloriously ordered to move on. The confrontation went so smoothly that most young people inside fellowship hall didn't

even know it was taking place.

The Grotto has operated so smoothly, in fact, that in two years of serving hundreds of young people in a town where affluence could lead to sophisticated mischief, there has not been a single major disturbance anywhere on church property. Credit for this goes chiefly to the young people themselves. They want nothing to interfere with continuation of a project they deem important.

But doesn't it take too much time from traditional MYF activities? This was the question an out-of-state visitor put to Mr. Bowers.

"Your kids do a beautiful job running this," the visitor said. "I give them a lot of credit. But anything this ambitious probably keeps your members busy all year long. Our MYF likes variety. We wouldn't sacrifice our other activities to set up a teen center!"

Mr. Bowers, a wiry Kansan who was a newspaper reporter before he entered Drew Theological School in 1964, answered promptly:

"We don't sacrifice anything for the Grotto. It's a big part of our MYF program—but not the biggest. It's not the tail wagging the dog."

He then described the wide-ranging program—worship, study, recreation, retreats, and service—open to senior MYFers. A typical week's schedule (October through May) for this 90-member group includes:

Sunday—Attendance at the 9:30 a.m. service in the sanctuary led by Dr. Robert Drew Simpson, the pastor. At 11, "Senior Seminar," an extension of church school, for young people in grades 11 and 12 under the leadership of former Navy man John Meyer. At 7:30 p.m., the weekly MYF meeting in fellowship hall.

Thursday—An 8 p.m. discussion group covering such topics as the death-of-God controversy, Christian concern in race relations, the pursuit of false values, the meaning of the existentialist theologians.

Friday—An occasional informal social evening (7 to 10:30) at the church's MYF lounge room, during which MYFers can play records, browse through college catalogs and paperbacks, or just socialize.

Saturday (every other week)—setting up the refreshment counter, door-check station, and checkroom for the Grotto, and later cleaning up after the 11 p.m. closing.

There are a number of optional programs as well: two annual fund-raising car washes; weekend retreats in the fall and spring ("to help us ask ourselves exactly where we're going"); a trip by chartered bus to a spot of educational significance.

In addition, 12 MYFers currently are teaching courses for school-age children at the Madison Community House in such subjects as photography, gymnastics, cooking, and sewing. Others are on call for occasional service to shut-ins or the elderly, doing such jobs as seasonal yard work and putting up storm windows.

Three times a year, the MYF joins with the youth groups of inner-city churches in Jersey City or Newark—clearing refuse out of a vacant lot to convert it to a playground, for example, or renovating space in an inner-city church for church-school classrooms.

IT WAS this kind of unselfish service that convinced Dr. Simpson, the senior minister, that the MYF was entitled to wholehearted support for their Grotto project.

The slim clergyman, who won his bachelor's, master's and doctor of philosophy degrees from Drew University in nearby Madison, N.J., and is a descendant of founder Daniel Drew, explains that the MYF "program is wide-ranging, but it is biblically and theologically grounded."

In their discussions, the young people are confronted constantly with the question: What can you as a Christian do to act on your faith? Can you take it out of the church building, out of the snug MYF fellowship, and into everyday life?

It was this kind of challenge, in fact, that helped trigger the proposal for a teen center. In the fall of 1965, when Mr. Bowers was a second-year student at Drew Theological School, he gave the Thursday Bible-study group an eight-week course that included study of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the German theologian murdered by the Nazis.

"The MYFers had studied and prayed together intensively that fall, and strong currents were flowing," Mr. Bowers recalls. "Just at the time we got to Bonhoeffer, they were ready to act—to break out of the mold and do something that was a tremendous challenge."

The young seminarian put a question to the MYF phrased in Bonhoeffer terms: Could they, as committed Christians, "utter the Word of God in such a way that the world is changed and renewed?"

Their answer surprised him; the MYF proposed to set up a program open to all teens in the area, regardless of church affiliation.

Reaction from church members was mixed. The congregation on the whole was enthusiastic, but others wondered whether a church "should get involved in something like this." Chatham's attractive fellowship hall would be the scene of hundreds of teen-agers dancing to a beat twanged out on electric guitars. Wasn't this something for the town to sponsor, rather than a church?

MYFers like George Martin, Lee Cunningham, and the Tribble twins—Dennis and David—countered that waiting for the town to act might take a long time.

As one member put it: "Maybe in some towns they'd set it up, but not here. We don't even have a bowling alley or a movie."

Chatham and adjoining Madison, N.J., like many communities across the country, are geared to stability and quiet family life. They are picture-postcard communities, charming and prosperous, with the stamp of the American Revolution still on them. A visitor, driving through the rolling hills in this part of the state, passes Dutch colonials, Victorian mansions, and split-levels set in spacious lawns.

For the young people growing up in such a community there are comfort, security, and a bright prospect for the future—if they measure up. But the hurdles are set high by both parents and teachers, especially for those in senior high school.

"Somebody's on your back all the

Chatham MYF projects range from work weekends at a Jersey City mission to spring and fall weekend retreats.

time to shape up," says a football letterman. "The thing is, most kids *want* to shape up. They want college, so they study hard. But you can't work all the time. You've got to break the routine."

"Breaking the routine" meant occasional school dances—usually on Friday night—or cutting out of town on Saturday. Fifty minutes drive from Chatham—less, if you gun it—is the Hudson River tunnel to New York City. Once through the tunnel, getting alcohol is a simple matter: the age limit for drinking is 18 in New York, compared with 21 in New Jersey.

"If there's something to keep kids here in Chatham on Saturday night, they'll stay," Lee Cunningham said bluntly. "But it has to be really good!"

The cabinet members proposed a teen center manned by the senior MYF, with funds to be handled by the MYF treasurer. Immediate supervisor would be the assistant minister—currently Dennis Bowers—under overall supervision of the commission on education and with the endorsement of the church's official board.

If Chatham's pastor had vetoed the Grotto or had been lukewarm, the commission would have turned thumbs down on it. But Dr. Simpson was convinced "there was a desperate need not being satisfied by any other community agency."

"The church had to act," he says simply.

Under the watchful eye of the assistant minister, MYFers take full responsibility for every phase of the Grotto. They audition and book the bands, line up chaperons, stock and sell soft drinks, man the coatroom, and supervise the door-check.

The latter is especially important. As each teen enters, he presents his identification card to the first of four MYFers sitting at card tables just inside fellowship hall's entrance. If the serial number and signature check against the master card on file, the guest then moves along and pays admission—50¢.

The final step is a quick clothes check by two or three MYFers: no "tough" clothes are allowed. Girls in shorts or boys in jeans or leather jackets are told quietly but firmly that they'd better go home and change to school clothes.

The off-duty policeman (hired for $15 a night) circulates between the entrance tables and the front steps. Six couples, usually young adults, chaperon inside fellowship hall itself and make occasional checks on the rest rooms. Parents sometimes volunteer as chaperons, but nonparents are preferred.

Says Mr. Bowers, "I can't say I blame the kids. The Grotto is really *their* place. It's nonschool and nongrind. Let's face it; even the best-natured parent would be tempted to tell a son doing door-check, 'Count that money carefully, and be sure to keep your records straight.' They don't seem to realize that no one checks up on these kids as diligently as the other kids!"

Chaperons and MYFers are particularly vigilant about smoking: it is not permitted inside. And, of course, no drinking is permitted anywhere on church grounds.

Overall, the Grotto has proved so successful that three other teen centers modeled after it have been organized in the area, and dozens of queries have come from other churches as far away as Nebraska and California. Those writing for information are sent a six-page mimeographed booklet free of charge. It states frankly that "the only way to expect responsibility from the youths is to give them that responsibility." It lists as basics: live music (strong on electric guitars), pastel floodlights, a reasonable admission price, and chaperons who are "with it" but not snoopy.

Not listed—but of prime importance—are hardworking MYFers like those at Chatham who believe that at least one part of their total program should serve all the teens in town. □

John Wesley on:

Christian Perfection

THE WORD *perfect* is what many cannot bear. The very sound of it is an abomination to them. And whosoever *preaches perfection,* that is, asserts that it is attainable in this life, runs great hazard of being accounted worse than a heathen man or a publican.

Hence, some have advised wholly to lay aside the use of those expressions, "because they have given so great offence." But are they not found in the oracles of God? If so, by what authority can any messenger of God lay them aside, even though all men should be offended?

But we ought to explain the meaning of them that those who are sincere of heart may not err to the right hand or left, from the mark of the prize of their high calling. I shall endeavour to show:

I. In what sense Christians are *not;* and,

II. In what sense they *are,* perfect.

How Christians Are Not Perfect

1. In the first place, I shall endeavour to show, in what sense Christians are *not perfect.* Both from experience and Scripture it appears, first, that they are not perfect in knowledge: they are not *so* perfect in this life as to be free from ignorance. They know, in common with other men, many things relating to the present world. And they know, with regard to the world to come, the general truths which God hath revealed. They know likewise (what the natural man receiveth not, for these things are spiritually discerned) "what manner of love" it is wherewith "the Father" hath loved them, "that they should be called the sons of God."

2. But innumerable are the things which they know not. Touching the Almighty Himself, they cannot search Him out to perfection.

Neither is it for them to know the times and seasons when God will work His great works upon the earth. No, not even those which He hath in part revealed by His servants and prophets since the world began.

3. They know not the reasons even of many of His present dispensations with the sons of men.

And how little do they know of what is ever before them, of even the visible works of His hands—how "He spreadeth the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing"; how He unites all the parts of this vast machine by a secret chain, which cannot be broken. So great is the ignorance, so very little the knowledge, of even the best of men!

4. No one, then, is so perfect in this life, as to be free from ignorance. Nor, secondly, from mistake. [This] indeed is almost an unavoidable consequence of it, seeing those who "know but in part" are ever liable to err touching the things which they know not.

It is true the children of God do not mistake as to the things essential to salvation. But in things unessential to salvation they do err, and that frequently. The best and wisest of men are frequently mistaken even with regard to facts; believing those things not to have been which really were, or those to have been done which were not.

Excerpted from John Wesley's sermon Christian Perfection, *No. XXXV in volume II of* Wesley's Standard Sermons, *edited and annotated by Edward H. Sugden (Epworth Press, London; available at Cokesbury Book Stores and Regional Service Centers, $12). Used by permission.*—EDS.

John Wesley lived his faith out of a saddlebag rather than an armchair. Best known for his think-and-let-think openness, he was a most articulate and practical theologian. He followed in the tradition of Protestant reformers that took the church out of its preoccupation with the sanctuary and into the world where men hurt and die. At Lincoln College, Oxford, England, he became leader of the Holy Club, a small group of students who built a pattern for a life of disciplined service. Later, as a young Anglican priest, Wesley was a missionary to Georgia in 1736 and 1737. Denied many pulpits on his return home, because his preaching disturbed people, he took to the open air. A man of small stature, John Wesley could look an angry mob in the face. His journals reveal he traveled 250,000 miles during a 50-year career in which he preached 40,000 times. Among his 53 published sermons, giving the whole sweep of his doctrine, the one on *Christian Perfection* comes close to his summary view of the Christian life. Wesley's genius for organization led to the founding of Methodism. His compassion for the poor and his feeling for the downtrodden of society are a legacy of social concern which his followers still have today.

—Your Editors

Or, suppose they are not mistaken as to the fact itself. They may be with regard to its circumstances, believing them, or many of them, to have been quite different from what, in truth, they were. And hence cannot but arise many farther mistakes. Hence they may believe either past or present actions which were or are evil to be good. And such as were or are good to be evil.

Hence also they may judge not according to truth with regard to the characters of men, not only by supposing good men to be better, or wicked men to be worse, than they are, but by believing them to be good men, who are very wicked. Or perhaps those to be wicked men, who were or are holy and unreprovable.

5. Nay, with regard to the holy Scriptures themselves, as careful as they are to avoid it, the best of men are liable to mistake, and do mistake day by day, especially with respect to those parts thereof which less immediately relate to practice. Hence, even the children of God are not agreed as to the interpretation of many places in holy writ. Nor is their difference of opinion any proof that they are not the children of God, on either side. But it is a proof that we are no more to expect any living man to be infallible than to be omniscient.

6. If it be objected to what has been observed under this and the preceding head, that St. John, speaking to his brethren in the faith, says, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things"; the answer is plain: "Ye know all things that are needful for your souls' health." That the Apostle St. John never designed to extend this farther, that he could not speak it in an absolute sense, is clear.

7. Even Christians, therefore, are not *so* perfect as to be free either from ignorance or error: we may, thirdly, add, nor from infirmities. Only let us take care to understand this word aright.

I mean hereby, not only those which are properly termed *bodily infirmities,* but all those inward or outward imperfections which are not of a moral nature. Such are the weakness or slowness of understanding, dullness or confusedness of apprehension, incoherency of thought, irregular quickness, or heaviness of imagination. Such is the want of a ready or retentive memory.

These are the infirmities which are found in the best of men, in a larger or smaller proportion. And from these none can hope to be perfectly freed, till the spirit returns to God that gave it.

8. Nor can we expect, till then, to be wholly free from temptation. Such perfection belongeth not to this life. It is true there are those who, being given up to work all uncleanness with greediness, scarce perceive the temptations which they resist not, and so seem to be without temptation. There are also many whom the wise enemy of souls seeing to be fast asleep in the dead form of godliness, will not tempt to gross sin. I know there are also children of God who, being now justified freely, having found redemption in the blood of Christ, for the present feel no temptation.

But this state will not last always, as we may learn from that single consideration, that the Son of God Himself, in the days of His flesh, was tempted even to the end of His life. Therefore, so let his servant

expect to be, for "it is enough that he be as his Master."

9. Christian perfection, therefore, does not imply (as some men seem to have imagined) an exemption either from ignorance, or mistake, or infirmities, or temptations. Indeed, it is only another term for holiness. They are two names for the same thing. Thus, every one that is holy is, in the Scripture sense, perfect.

Yet we may, lastly, observe that neither in this respect is there any absolute perfection on earth. There is no *perfection of degrees*, as it is termed, none which does not admit of a continual increase. So that how much soever any man has attained, or in how high a degree soever he is perfect, he hath still need to "grow in grace," and daily to advance in the knowledge and love of God his Saviour.

How Christians Are Perfect

1. In what sense, then are Christians perfect? This is what I shall endeavour, in the second place, to show. But it should be premised that there are several stages in Christian life, as in natural, some of the children of God being but new-born babes, others having attained to more maturity.

Ye [who] have known both the Father, and the Son, and the Spirit of Christ, in your inmost soul: Ye are "perfect men," being grown up to "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

2. It is of these chiefly I speak in the latter part of this discourse, for these only are perfect Christians. But even babes in Christ are in such a sense perfect, or born of God (an expression taken also in divers senses), as, first, not to commit sin. If any doubt of this privilege of the sons of God, the question is not to be decided by abstract reasonings, which may be drawn out into an endless length and leave the point just as it was before. Neither is it to be determined by the experience of this or that particular person. Many may suppose they do not commit sin, when they do. But this proves nothing either way.

3. Now, the Word of God plainly declares that even those who are justified, who are born again in the lowest sense, "do not continue in sin." They cannot "live any longer therein." They are "planted together in the likeness of the death" of Christ. Their "old man is crucified with Him," the body of sin being destroyed, so that henceforth they do not serve sin. Being dead with Christ, they are free from sin. They are "dead unto sin, and alive unto God." "Sin hath no more dominion over them," who are "not under the law, but under grace." But these, "being free from sin, are become the servants of righteousness."

4. The very least which can be implied in these words is that the persons spoken of therein, namely, all real Christians or believers in Christ, are made free from outward sin.

This *ceasing from sin,* if it be interpreted in the lowest sense as regarding only the outward behaviour, must denote the ceasing from the outward act, from any outward transgression of the law.

5. But most express are the well-known words of St. John, in the third chapter of his First Epistle: "He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for His seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."

6. It is said this means only He sinneth not *willfully,* or he doth not commit sin *habitually,* or *not as other men do*, or *not as he did before.* The best way to answer a bold assertion is simply to deny it. And if any man can prove it from the Word of God, let him bring forth his strong reasons.

7. And a sort of reason there is, which has been frequently brought to support these strange assertions: "Did not Abraham himself commit sin? Did not Moses? Did not even David?"

All this is true. But what is it you would infer from hence? It may be granted, first, that David in the general course of his life was one of the holiest men among the Jews. And, secondly, that the holiest men among the Jews did sometimes commit sin. But if you would hence infer that all Christians do and must commit sin as long as they live, this consequence we utterly deny: it will never follow from those premisses.

8. Those who argue thus seem never to have considered that declaration of our Lord: "Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he."

"The kingdom of heaven," or "the kingdom of God," as St. Luke expresses it, is that kingdom of God on earth whereunto all true believers in Christ, all real Christians, belong. In these words, then, our Lord declares two things: First, that before His coming in the flesh, among all the children of men there had not been one greater than John the Baptist: neither Abraham, David, nor any Jew. Our Lord, secondly, declares, that he which is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he. Not a greater prophet, as some have interpreted the word, for this is palpably false in fact, but greater in the grace of God and the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore we cannot measure the privileges of real Christians by those formerly given to the Jews. Their "ministration" (or dispensation), we allow, "was glorious." But ours "exceeds in glory." . . .

10. Even from the day that sin entered into the world, there was not a just man upon earth that did good and sinned not, until the Son of God was manifested to take away our sins. . . .

13. Those who have duly considered these things must allow that the privileges of Christians are in no wise to be measured by what the Old Testament records concerning those who were under the Jewish dispensation, seeing the fullness of time is now come, the Holy Ghost is now given, the great salvation of God is brought unto men by the revelation of Jesus Christ. The kingdom of heaven is now set up on earth.

14. If, therefore, you would prove that the Apostle's words, "He that is born of God sinneth not," are not to be understood according to their plain, natural,

obvious meaning, it is from the New Testament you are to bring your proofs, else you will fight as one that beateth the air. And the first of these which is usually brought is taken from the examples recorded in the New Testament. "The Apostles themselves," it is said, "committed sin; nay, the greatest of them, Peter and Paul."

Well, suppose both Peter and Paul did then commit sin. What is it you would infer from hence? That all the other Apostles committed sin sometimes? There is no shadow of proof in this. No necessity of sinning was laid upon them. The grace of God was surely sufficient for them. And it is sufficient for us today.

15. "St. Paul besought the Lord thrice, and yet he could not escape from his temptation." Let us consider his own words literally translated: "There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, an angel" or messenger "of Satan, to buffet me. Touching this I besought the Lord thrice, that it," or he, "might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in" these "my weaknesses, that the strength of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in weaknesses; . . . for when I am weak, then am I strong."

16. As this scripture is one of the strongholds of the patrons of sin, it may be proper to weigh it thoroughly. Let it be observed, then, first, it does by no means appear that this thorn, whatsoever it was, occasioned St. Paul to commit sin, much less laid him under any necessity of doing so.

Therefore, from any spiritual weakness (if such had been) which he at that time felt, we could by no means infer that he was never strong, that Paul the aged, the father in Christ, still laboured under the same weaknesses, that he was in no higher state till the day of his death. From all which it appears, that this instance of St. Paul is quite foreign to the question, and does in no wise clash with St. John's assertion, "He that is born of God sinneth not." . . .

19. If we say that we have no sin, that we have not sinned, we deceive ourselves, and make God a liar. But "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just," not only "to forgive our sins," but also "to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," that we may "go and sin no more."

20. In conformity, therefore, both to the doctrine of St. John and to the whole tenor of the New Testament, we fix this conclusion—*a Christian is so far perfect, as not to commit sin.*

The Christian Is Free

21. This is the glorious privilege of every Christian; yea, though he be but *a babe in Christ.* But it is only of those who *are strong* in the Lord, "and have overcome the wicked one," or rather of those who "have known Him that is from the beginning," that it can be affirmed they are in such a sense perfect, as, secondly, to be freed from evil thoughts and evil tempers.

First, from evil or sinful thoughts. But here let it be observed that thoughts concerning sin, and a sinful thought, are widely different. A man, for instance, may think of a murder which another has committed, and yet this is no evil or sinful thought. So our blessed Lord Himself had no evil or sinful thought, nor indeed was capable of having any. And even hence it follows, that neither have real Christians; for "every one that is perfect is as his Master." Therefore, if he was free from evil or sinful thoughts, so are they likewise.

22. "Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit," as "a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit."

23. The same happy privilege of real Christians, St. Paul asserts from his own experience. "The weapons of our warfare," saith he, "are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down imaginations" (or *reasonings* of pride and unbelief against the declarations, promises, or gifts of God), "and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

24. And as Christians indeed are freed from evil thoughts, so are they, secondly, from evil tempers. This is evident from the above-mentioned declaration of our Lord Himself: "The disciple is not above his Master: but every one that is perfect shall be as his Master."

25. Every [disciple] can say with St. Paul, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"—words that manifestly describe a deliverance from inward as well as from outward sin.

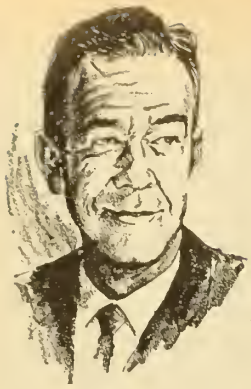
26. He, therefore, who liveth in true believers hath "purified their hearts by faith"; insomuch that every one that hath Christ in him, the hope of glory, "purifieth himself, even as He is pure." He is purified from pride, for Christ was lowly of heart. He is pure from self-will or desire, for Christ desired only to do the will of His Father, and to finish His work. And he is pure from anger, in the common sense of the word, for Christ was meek and gentle, patient and long-suffering. I say, in the common sense of the word, for all anger is not evil. We read of our Lord Himself, that He once "looked round with anger." But with what kind of anger? He was angry at the sin, and in the same moment grieved for the sinners, angry or displeased at the offence, but sorry for the offenders. With anger, yea, hatred, He looked upon the thing, with grief and love upon the persons. Go, thou that art perfect, and do likewise.

27. Thus doth Jesus "save His people from their sins." And not only from outward sins, but also from the sins of their hearts, from evil thoughts, and from evil tempers.

The Apostle here, beyond all contradiction, speaks of himself and other living Christians, of whom he flatly affirms, that not only at or after death, but *in this world*, they are as their Master.

It remains, then, that Christians are saved in this world from all sin, from all unrighteousness. They are now in such a sense perfect as not to commit sin, and to be freed from evil thoughts and evil tempers. . . .

29. Thus hath the Lord fulfilled the things He spake by His holy prophets, which have been since the world began. □



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

ONE THING has become clear through my 19 years of the episcopacy. It is that one man's judgment is never enough. The man who describes a condition may be perfectly honest and utterly sincere, but he views the picture from the perspective of his own life and experience. This is never a stance from which we see the whole situation.

This willingness to listen to more than one testimony creates tolerance and in the long run it creates realism. The man who welcomes conflicting testimonies and gives different points of view an open hearing has taken one long step on the road to truth. Most of us find our vision narrowed as we grow older until the time comes when we can only listen to those people whose point of view happens to be the same as ours.

I was thinking of this the day I read **CAPABLE OF HONOR** by **Allen Drury** (***Doubleday, $6.50***). This is a political novel, which is to say that it is a propaganda novel. The author has a particular point of view, and the whole field of national politics with its international implications is surveyed with certain presuppositions. I do not object to this because if a man writes about contemporary politics he must write from a point of view and he must endeavor to make it acceptable to many readers. This is the essence of propaganda. And *Capable of Honor* is openly and unashamedly this kind of writing.

Drury is writing a story about our national crisis which extends around the world, and if I may oversimplify, he is a "hawk" rather than a "dove." You will find some of the same characters here who were in *Advise and Consent* and its sequel *A Shade of Difference*. This adds rather than detracts from the pleasure of those who have read the previous books.

The villain is a fellow named Walter Doubius, a well-known Washington columnist. He speaks with all the assurance and unction of a deity, and he is on the side of negotiation and compromise and a lower-key nationalism. He appears here as a critic and an oily sycophant with a messiah complex. When the good guys call another nation's bluff and through military force stand behind the concept of national honor and integrity, Doubius pictures them as warmongers. Indeed, this man is the symbol of an increasing control of the nation by irresponsible men in the press, television, and radio.

There are two immediate crises facing the nation: one in a small African country, Gorotoland, and the other in Panama. In both places, the pressure is upon the United States to retreat and vacillate in spite of the killing of its citizens and the destruction of its property. This is the somber backdrop of a national political convention in San Francisco.

The main question of the convention is who will be the nominee for President. Harley M. Hudson now is President because of the death of his predecessor. Two ambitious candidates are Orrin Knox, the secretary of State, and Edward Jason, the governor of California. Knox does not propose to have America pushed around anymore and neither does the President.

Edward Jason is a man of certain fundamental decencies and not without character, but he is so ambitious that these virtues are being pushed far into the background. Jason is willing to make a deal with left-wing civil-rights groups whose leaders he despises in his heart. The whole thing gets out of hand when there are riots and deaths. Through the help of Doubius, the blame is put upon the forces of Orrin Knox whose daughter-in-law is attacked by ruffians and nearly killed. Here is a good look at politics at its worst and the things men will do under the scourge of ambition.

The President had said he would let the convention choose his running mate, which means that Orrin Knox and Edward Jason, defeated for the presidential nomination, have to fight it out for second place. Political wisdom says the President had better choose Jason to balance the ticket, but at the last minute he throws his support to Knox.

Allen Drury's thesis here, as in some of his previous books, is a good one. He portrays men caught up in the midst of the struggle for political life where ethics are pushed aside. Then in the midst of a real crisis, a man stands for honor even when it is not politically profitable. He seems to be saying that the only thing that keeps us going and makes democracy possible is this inner integrity which nothing finally overcomes. It is a great word for Americans to hear and believe.

My point of view is not always the same as the one emphasized in this novel, but it is a good book for everyone to read. There are times when too much space is given to a man going over in his own mind the possibilities and the situations. You can skip quite a few pages and not lose too much. Still, the interest never lags, and it is a book not easily put down. The villains may be a little too villainous and the heroes a little too heroic but, at least, the issues stand out rather clearly.

Lest you have the feeling that this is a realm beyond the responsibility and concern of Christians, let me remind you that we cannot withdraw from the world. We have responsibility to make our faith relevant to the present scene. Let me remind you further that the Christian church itself has political forces at work within it and that whenever there is an election, it is hardly ever at its best. This is the price we must pay for being an institution and bearing responsibility in the world. We are political animals and we had better be realistic as to what is involved for Christians to behave responsibly in our society. In the jargon of the day, we are to practice "worldly holiness." □

Frank Williams:

His Business Is the Future

Built along lines of this model, perhaps, future ballistic transports will fly from California to Paris in 45 minutes. Behind Williams: a Saturn V rocket model.

If F. L. (Frank) Williams were permitted one wish guaranteed to come true, he probably would ask to visit another planet.

"I would jump at the chance to make the first trip to Mars if it were offered me," he says. But while it is not likely that he will get to make that trip, it is entirely possible that he will make a space flight someday, perhaps to an orbiting station—and probably using a launch vehicle system which he helped to define.

Today, at 38, Frank Williams has a key role in the United States' space-flight program. Although his present job keeps him relatively earthbound (and he is no stranger to airplane travel), he is busy with his daily task of developing the equipment U.S. astronauts need to explore beyond our planet. His business is the future.

As director of Advanced Systems at the George C. Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Ala.,

he supervises about 200 of the more than 7,000 personnel there. Marshall is the largest of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's (NASA) field centers. It is bigger than Cape Kennedy, where the missions are launched, and Houston, where astronauts are trained and space capsules are designed and built.

Huntsville is responsible for developing larger launch vehicles and propulsion systems for civilian space flights. Its latest and largest vehicle is the powerful Saturn V rocket that will carry the Apollo astronauts on their trip to the moon and back.

Frank Williams is a member of a team that is very much aware of the unique setbacks and heartbreaks of space flight. Such an awareness gives the people involved incentive to strive for technical perfection and to overcome all possible human error.

But beyond this is a larger implication. "I hope that God-fearing people will have a predominant influence in directing the spaceflight era so that it will bring us closer to peace on earth," the modest, heavy-browed engineer says.

As today's jets fly, it is only 80 miles from Fairfield, where Frank and his petite wife Jean grew up near Birmingham, to Huntsville.

The two were married while Frank was an engineering student at Auburn University in central Alabama. Frank spent the next seven years in the Air Force. During that time, he and Jean moved to Boston while he earned a master's degree in aeronautical engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And in these service years, their two handsome children were born.

The experience Frank remembers most vividly about the Air Force is being part of an airborne crew in the nuclear test area at Eniwetok Atoll in the western Pacific in 1956. One of his souvenirs is a photograph showing extensive damage to the plane's fuselage.

In 1958, Frank Williams quickly saw the challenge when he was offered the chance to join the rocket specialists at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, under the leadership of German-born Dr. Wernher von Braun.

As a section chief in the structures and mechanics lab of the former Army Ballistic Missile Agency, Frank led his group in preliminary design on Saturn I and helped to promote the program within NASA. In 1960, when the Marshall Space Flight Center was separated from the military rocket program, he became deputy director of the Future Projects office. Then he became assistant to Dr. von Braun, the scientist who probably has done more than any other person to get man beyond earth's orbit.

When the Advanced Systems office was established two years ago, Frank was put in charge. Every new project or system which Marshall gets is poured over first by his group—engineers, scientists, and mathematicians—and which oversees several million dollars in contracts spread across America, involving 700 to 800 persons.

The responsibility and the workload is great, and Frank often spends Sunday afternoons lining up his schedule for the coming week. But all is not work in the household. Together the four Williamses enjoy water sports and flying, and each member has his own hobbies.

Jean, a busy housewife, belongs

The Williamses are enthusiasts at the family pool table. Frank says it's a game of angles, helpful in math concepts.

During a typical week, Frank may spend time in his study, planning intensively for the week ahead, while son Joel does homework nearby. With their young pastor (second from left), building committee members survey the new church site, where first units are under construction. In his garage workshop, Frank makes frames for still-life paintings his wife Jean does as her main hobby. Together the family occasionally enjoys flying in a borrowed Cessna with Frank at the controls.

to women's clubs and is active in church. But she paints in her spare time and likes being a homebody. During my visit with them, son Joel, 13½, made the All-City team in the YMCA football league's 95-pound category for under 14-year-olds. Pretty, dark-haired Melissa, 11, is a football cheerleader and also has taken piano lessons.

In the eight years they have been in Huntsville, the Williamses have helped to organize three churches. The Rev. Lamar Davis, pastor of Highland Church, one of the three, recalls that "they really kept this church alive when it seemed in danger of going under." Today it is a strong congregation.

Frank and Jean now are charter members of Valley Methodist, in the beautiful Jones Valley section where they live in a comfortable split-level. The congregation has been meeting on Sundays in a Seventh-day Adventist building. Various member families take turns having Methodist Youth Fellowship meetings in their homes, and the Williamses were among the first to take a six-month turn.

Among his present duties, Frank somehow finds time in a pressing schedule to be a member of the church's building committee as well as of the official board. Come autumn, the congregation expects to move into a new $150,000 fellowship hall and educational unit now under construction.

Dr. Laurence Dill, superintendent of Methodism's Huntsville District, remembers when he was pastor of Frank's boyhood church in Fairfield. "Frank's grandfather and his parents set a good example for the whole family," he recalls.

Frank himself speaks forthrightly about the importance of religion in his life. "We consider our Christian faith one of the strong foundations of our lives," he says. "It gives us the basis for our love for each other in the family and for our relationships with other people. Without religion, the fabric that makes up our lives might be too weak to sustain us in the kind of world we live in."

There is no consensus in the Williams family, however, about Frank's desire to travel in space. "I think Daddy's work is exciting," says Melissa. "And it really would be neat to go to the moon and see what's on it."

But Joel takes a dim view of space flight—at least for the present. He is too wrapped up in his main interests, which are school (where he is an honor-roll student) and athletics.

"I would rather just stay here on earth," he confesses, somewhat to his dad's dismay. But his mother goes right along with him. "I think it's wonderful Frank loves the work he does," Jean says, "but if he visits another planet someday, I think I'll stay here."

I asked Frank where he thinks the space-flight program will lead in the future. At first reluctant, he ticked off a score of projections —what he believes will happen in the next 20 years. His forecast includes:

- Commercial ballistic aerospace transport that will take passengers half way around the world in less than an hour.
- Constant, up-to-the-minute world surveys of resources, such as crops, forests, livestock, fish, and even population movements.
- Permanent manned space stations and a permanent base on the moon.
- Manned exploration of the planet Mars.

"The dynamic impact of space flight is shrinking the world as never before in history," Frank says. "In the long run, it will create more jobs and more challenge than any development in modern times."

As we live our way into the future, we can be thankful that men like Frank Williams are running its technology. —NEWMAN CRYER

Standing under the business end of the mammoth Saturn I booster Frank talks about rocket systems developed by the Marshall Center at Alabama's Redstone Arsenal.

Barnabas

Looks at NEW BOOKS

A light northerly wind speeds two stone-laden feluccas, *traditional sailing craft of the Nile. From* Yankee Sails the Nile.

PEOPLE from all over the world were drawn to Egypt to see the giant tombs of Abu Simbel before they were removed from their original setting on the bank of the Nile to make way for the new Aswan High Dam. Among those who came to Aswan were **Irving** and **Electa Johnson**, who sailed their red-and-white-sailed ketch *Yankee* up the ancient river from the Mediterranean to the Second Cataract.

The brightly written record of their journey in ***Yankee Sails the Nile*** (Norton, $7.50) is tagged "young adult." Like many another book written for that most alert age, it is stimulating and informative for "old adults," too.

More sophisticated is **Lord Kinross**'s almost lyrical ***Portrait of Egypt*** (Morrow, $7.50). It blends personal, travel, social, religious, and cultural history into a small work of art.

A third book, ***Last Days on the Nile*** (Lippincott, $3.95), is the record of what happened to Christian mission work in the Sudan. **Malcolm Forsberg**, who served there for 30 years, tells of the nationalization of the mission schools, the establishment of government clinics and schools adjacent to the mission stations, and the passage of the Missionaries Society Act, which brought religious practices under direct control. Finally, the remaining 300 Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries were expelled in 1964. The church, however, remained, in the hands of Sudanese pastors and congregations who continue their Christian living and witness.

Not far east of the magnificent Sierras—which form the backdrop to the Floyd Johnson paintings in the center section of this issue—lies the Great Basin, a barren land that was ignored by white settlers until silver was discovered in Nevada a decade after the '49 gold rush in California.

In the basin, along the Humboldt River, a band of Paiute Indians eked out a difficult living, fishing the marshes and lakes, hunting waterfowl and small game, subsisting mostly on mush made from grass seeds and pine nuts. After the white man came, they were relegated to badly managed reservations unless they learned to work for their new masters.

Annie Lowry, born 100 years ago, lived through most of this history and heard the rest from her Paiute mother, who was deserted by Annie's white father. Indians are naturally reticent people and confide their ideas and beliefs only to their own families. But their young people are just as impatient about listening to their elders as any other young people are, and when Annie Lowry's children and grandchildren proved to be "too busy" to listen to her she decided to share her knowledge of Paiute traditions and customs with writer **Lalla Scott**. As a result, we have her story, ***Karnee: A Paiute Narrative*** (University of Nevada Press, $5.25). It harks back to Paiute customs and rituals and spans the ambiguous inter-relationships that have existed between Indians and white people in many parts of our land.

A *karnee,* incidentally, is a Paiute willow hut.

Before the white man came, the peoples of the New World possessed no written history. We can learn a great deal about them, though, by studying their tools and their pottery.

Alan R. Sawyer introduces us to

To help you fulfill your Christian responsibilities

LEADERSHIP DEVELOPMENT AND THE WORKERS' CONFERENCE

A Comprehensive Look At Christian Education

Mary Alice Douty Edwards presents a comprehensive look at the whole field of development, enlistment, and preservice and inservice training in Christian education. She emphasizes the workers' conference as the foundation of inservice training. Index. Suggested readings. 224 pages. **$4.50**

THIS IS LIVING

Spiritual Treasures From Paul's Letter to the Philippians

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I WILL BE YOUR GOD

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John H. Otwell takes a close look at the techniques of modern biblical scholarship in this easy-to-understand guide to Old Testament study. By explaining why conclusions are reached as well as describing them, he provides a solid basis for independent critical study. Index. 224 pages. **$4.50**

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the Mochica and other tribes that preceded the Inca in Peru in ***Ancient Peruvian Ceramics: The Nathan Cummings Collection*** (Metropolitan Museum of Art, $8.50). **Michael D. Coe** gives us a study of the Olmec, originators of the earliest great civilization in Middle America in ***The Jaguar's Children: Pre-Classic Central Mexico*** (Museum of Primitive Art, $8.95).

Neither of these books is beamed to popular tastes, but for those whose hobby is archaeology or anthropology both hold many treasures.

I thought ***2000 Years of Christian Art*** (Harper & Row, $9.95) was slow going. This is a book of major importance in the field, however, and it is unique because it is a dialogue between the late **Eric Newton**, who was an eminent art critic, and biblical scholar **William Neil**. It is handsomely printed, with numerous illustrations and, if you have a special interest in the history of Christian art, you certainly will want to have it.

I read ***Manhattan Project*** (Little, Brown, $6.95) when I had a head cold, and that probably made the headlong haste with which the atomic bomb was made seem all the more feverish.

After 20 years this remains the greatest scientific and industrial adventure in history. Full-scale plants were built for processes nobody was sure would work. Industrial firms agreed to build things that might prove to be impossible to build. Workers spent their hours on the job turning knobs and watching dials without knowing what in the world they were helping to make, other than that it would help the war effort. The entire town of Oak Ridge, Tenn., was designed on the basis of topographic maps, by an architectural firm that had not been told where it would be built. Scientists labored on a mysterious mesa in New Mexico. A brigadier general whose monthly pay was $663.40 co-ordinated it all, signing checks for hundreds of millions of dollars.

Stephane Groueff tells this fantastic production story so well that even a layman like myself can get a fair understanding of the nuclear physics, the scientific research, and the production processes and problems involved. The men and women who were part of the project are less vivid, seen only in terms of the job they had to do.

Most of them, writes Groueff, "sincerely wish that the Manhattan Project's efforts had been employed for other, nobler goals. Unfortunately, the choice was not theirs." Given wartime psychology, I suppose this is true. Science, too, pushes men to seek knowledge without regard to the limitations of human wisdom. This, then, is the story of a giant step toward knowing. Now we wait for the mushrooming of understanding.

Two absorbing books look for an understanding of man's combative nature by studying the aggressive behavior of animals.

In ***The Territorial Imperative*** (Atheneum, $6.95), **Robert Ardrey** advances the belief that family loyalty and responsibility in men, no less than in gibbons or beavers or robins, rests on a joint attachment to a private territory. A common cause for war, he says, lies in our ignorance of man's animal nature and the enormous animal energies that are aroused when people have to defend their homes or homeland against an invader. At the same time, willingness to make personal sacrifice for interests larger than ourselves is as essential to the life of the animal as to the lives of men; and Ardrey believes that we probably could not exist in the human species without property and the ultimate command of the territorial imperative.

A writer rather than a scientist, Ardrey draws his conclusions from a brief term of teaching anthropology and studies made by others. Probably the most illustrious of these experts in the field of animal behavior is **Konrad Lorenz**, director of the Max-Planck-Institut in Bavaria. Dr. Lorenz is the author of ***On Aggression*** (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.75), and this is the more convincing and, surprisingly, the more readable of the two books.

Aggression, in animals or in man, says Dr. Lorenz, is essential for the preservation of the species and is part of the life-preserving organization of instincts. Inhibitions prevent most animals from injuring or killing fellow members of their species. Man, however, is a basically harmless, omnivorous creature without the natural ability to kill large prey. Consequently, nature did not give man the built-in controls to prevent him from killing his own kind.

Artificial weapons have upset the equilibrium of man's killing potential and social inhibitions; and while moral responsibility and the unwillingness to kill have increased, the ease and emotional impunity of killing have increased at the same rate. The distance at which all shooting weapons operate screens the killer from an awareness of his victim that would activate his social inhibitions against killing, and this is true to an even greater degree with modern remote-control weapons.

Man finds no adequate outlet for his aggression drive in today's social

order, Dr. Lorenz reminds us, and selection is still working in favor of self-assertion instead of simple goodness. Crowding, too, increases man's propensity for aggressive behavior.

A gloomy picture. Yet Dr. Lorenz has faith in the power of human reason as well as in natural selection. Humor and knowledge are two great hopes of civilization, he says, and: "Personal love and friendship was the epoch-making invention created by the great constructors when it became necessary for two or more individuals of an aggressive species to live peacefully together and to work for a common end."

Read both books if you can. If you have to make a choice, read *On Aggression.*

"How many times have I told you not to bring up controversial books?"

The Death of God Controversy (Abingdon, $1.45) is a serious and fair-minded consideration of the God-is-dead theology by Chicago Theological Seminary professor **Thomas W. Ogletree.**

There is a minimum of theological terminology in this paperback, but the surface simplicity is deceptive. This is a book for readers with a reasonably good background in theology who want to look for the strengths as well as the weaknesses in the arguments of the three best known radical theologians, William Hamilton, Paul van Buren, and Thomas J. J. Altizer.

James Bond, typifying immorality serving the public good, is not a valid hero for modern man, says Methodist minister **Lycurgus M. Starkey, Jr.,** who has written a lively critique of the fictional Agent 007 in ***James Bond's World of Values*** (Abingdon, $1.45, paper).

Dr. Starkey is not for trying to censor the books and movies about Bond —they have reached flood stage; besides they are exciting and entertaining. But he believes they need to be considered from a Christian point of view. Tackling the attitudes seen in the Bond books toward sex, sadism, status, leisure time, and narrow nationalism, he deflates each of them in turn, showing how they devaluate the human being and present a distorted picture of life.

Conductor-composer **Leonard Bernstein** is a musical genius, and he is something even more rare—a magnificent teacher.

Six of the scripts for his television concerts for young people form the nucleus of ***The Infinite Variety of Music*** (Simon and Schuster, $6.50). Ranging from the glory of Mozart to the canned "music" in elevators, from the classic tradition to Simon & Garfunkel, and The Association, these conversations share both Bernstein's musical knowledge and his joyous enjoyment.

Since Bernstein had a full symphony orchestra for the musical passages that must appear in the book as musical notation, it is necessary to have a piano, a rather extensive record library, or a very good musical memory to get the most out of the book. With any of these, it will lead you to a new and exciting responsiveness to the whole world of music.

Theologian **Albert C. Outler** shares warmly personal reactions to the Second Vatican Council in ***Methodist Observer at Vatican II*** (Newman, $4.50). They are illuminated by his profound knowledge of church history and enlivened by his irreverence for sacred cows.

Even if you have read a good deal about Vatican II, this book is different.

National Family Week is going to be observed May 7 to 14, and this reminds me that I have not said anything about a book on family living that has been the focus of family-life conferences. It is ***Sex, Family, and Society in Theological Perspective*** (Association Press, $2.25).

This paperback edited by **J. C. Wynn** presents a series of papers on marriage, divorce, parenthood, home life, and the sexual revolution by an imposing list of authorities. All are directed toward the goal of responsible sexuality in today's culture.

You will not find yes and no answers here. Rather, you will find questions, and the raw materials from which you can develop your own answers.

If you're wondering what to name the baby, you won't get much help from ***Treasury of Name Lore*** (Harper & Row, $5.95). This book, by **Elsdon C. Smith,** is a collection of informa-

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tion and anecdotes about names that is interesting and occasionally very funny.

I enjoyed it because names fascinate me. In fact, I have a private file of names that strike me as being humorous for one reason or another. This file has been building for years, and I've gotten genuinely fond of the people it represents, though I know very few of them.

If you like word games, or want to extend your vocabulary, or just like to ponder precise meanings, you will enjoy *All About Words: An Adult Approach to Vocabulary Building* (Prentice-Hall, $5.95). Maxwell Nurnberg and Morris Rosenblum put this lively book together in spite of all the other books on vocabulary building because they thought they could write a better one. They could, and did.

"If grownups always played with us, we wouldn't always like it." . . . "If parents always said 'yes,' we'd walk all over them."

Jo Ann Stover's delightful *I'm in a Family* (McKay, $2.95) assumes that even when there are lots of people in a family, all of them doing and thinking differently, a reasonable child can understand why most things are the way they are. Young children will enjoy its lively line drawings and respond to its wisdom.

While the astronauts are off exploring space, other pioneers are going to be investigating and inhabiting the depths of the ocean. What the under-the-waves frontier may be like is described for beginning readers in *You Will Live Under the Sea* (Random House, $1.95).

The forecast is authentic—the text is by an internationally known oceanographer and his wife, F. and M. Phleger. And artist Ward Brackett has done a skillful job of blending realism and imagination in the drawings for this fascinating little book.

"Me llamo Trina." Little Trina could speak English well enough when she was alone, but when she tried to talk to the children of the little Wyoming town the words always came out Spanish. Then, embarrassed, she would retreat to her family's boxcar home on the railroad siding.

Third to fifth-graders will warm to the delightful little girl who thought in Spanish, and to the other members of her family, in *Trina's Boxcar* (Abingdon, $3.25). And, through Patricia Miles Martin's lively story, they may gain a deeper appreciation of their own ability to feel at home with their school books and classmates.

—BARNABAS

Talking Poetry

By NELL L. WEIDENBACH

Most families enjoy pet expressions that grow out of shared experiences. But this family enriches ordinary events with lines borrowed from literature's greats.

THE WEATHER was right and the big bass were biting. So, when my 15-year-old son put down the telephone, I asked, "Can Bob go with you?"

"No," he said. "He has to mow a neighbor's lawn. He earns his living; he makes enough to get by. But I wish he had more time." [1]

I was delighted, not because the fishing trip had fallen through but because our "talking poetry" had scored again.

A file card bearing the inspiration for this paraphrase of the poem *The People Will Live On* had been clipped to my kitchen utensil rack for many weeks so I could memorize it in odd moments. When my memory needed to be checked, I asked my two sons to hear me say it. After they had corrected errors several times, I noticed the boys were beginning to call in their corrections from the living room, without having the card in front of them.

The boys were letter-perfect long before I was. The clincher came when Paul converted *my* "kitchen poetry" into *his* "talking poetry," and I knew a great moment with poetry was stored safely in his mind.

Another time my younger son left the living room early one evening, apparently headed for his room. "Are you going to bed now?" I asked. "Not yet," he replied. "I've miles to go before I sleep." A beloved poem by Robert Frost with that line [2] had been hanging in the kitchen for some time before the 1960 national election. Both youngsters were delighted that the late President Kennedy used it as his sign-off on many campaign speeches. And it was not long before it, too, became "talking poetry" in our home.

It is too bad that many young people consider poetry sissy. Perhaps this stems from the schools' concentrating on love ballads and other poetry too mature for the pupils. Perhaps it is the result of small children being fed a diet of jingles only until they rebel. Or it may be due partly to the scarcity of poetry in the background of the average child both at home and at school.

At any rate, there is poetry that will talk the language of every age, if we look for it. Even small excerpts stored in the memory will return like old friends when they are encountered in the future.

My grandmother used to look at me reprovingly when I pouted. "O wad some power the giftie gie us / To see oursels as ithers see us!" she scolded. Years later, when I came upon that line in Robert Burns' *To a Louse*, Grandmother,

[1] I earn my living. / I make enough to get by / and it takes all my time. *From* The People Will Live On *by Carl Sandburg, from* The People, Yes; *copyright, 1936, by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. Used by permission.*—EDS.

[2] But I have promises to keep, / And miles to go before I sleep. *From* Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening, *from* Complete Poems of Robert Frost. *Copyright, 1923, by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. Copyright renewed, 1951, by Robert Frost. Reprinted by permission of Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.*—EDS.

Bobby Burns, and I shared a most delightful reunion in memory.

Grandmother's method was to use "talking poetry"; she did not even tell us it was poetry. I grew up thinking her frequently repeated comments were family sayings. Years later, when I studied literature in high school and college, her sayings jumped from the pages at me. An instant bond of familiarity converted my new friends into old acquaintances. And I silently thanked Grandmother for having opened the door to poetry.

How can you develop in your child an enduring love for poetry? There are many methods, but the keys are few and simple:

1. *It must be poetry he can enjoy at his present age, related to experiences he has had.*

For example, my family lives in a flat coastal area. Consequently, when we read the familiar words of the psalmist, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," [3] our sons looked at us blankly. Then we spent a vacation in New Hampshire, where it seemed that the whole earth had exploded into unshakable, massive mountains. After that, there was meaning in the psalm.

Or, what landlubber can know the full magnetism of the opening lines of John Masefield's *Sea Fever: I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, / And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by?*

2. *He must have time to become familiar with a poem.*

A crash program of memorization will arouse antagonism rather than love. Instead, wisely applied repetition over a long period of time is likely to produce familiarity, meaning, and eventually some degree of memory.

A case in point is that of first-grade pupils who watched with their teacher as a heavy fog wrapped their school in a soft gray cloud. After a while the busyness of the morning diverted their attention.

Suddenly, one of the children noticed: "It's gone!" The teacher then quietly recited the words of Carl Sandburg: *The fog comes / on little cat feet. / It sits looking / over harbor and city / on silent haunches / and then moves on.*" [4] The next time fog descended, she quoted the poem as the fog moved in. And thereafter the children begged her: "Do the fog! Please do the fog!"

A parent knows his own child's interests and maturity, and is, therefore, the best judge of which poems will take. However, be careful lest you underestimate this poetry level! The meaning of a poem does not have to be simple; it merely needs to be tied closely to the child's experience.

The fog-class mentioned above had a small table on which from time to time was displayed a beautiful flower, a painting reproduction, a tall candle, or a figurine. Above the table was a sign, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." [5] The children could not read it, but they knew what it said and what it meant. That line is an example of adult poetry which can be child poetry also.

POETRY does not have to be profound or serious. It may be for laughs also, especially with teenagers. It will not detract from the eventual dignity of the lines when they turn up in context someday. For example:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears.[6] There is a plate of cookies for you in the kitchen."

"The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind" [7] has been said so often in our house, we have only to hear a guffaw and one of the boys is likely to remark, "Somebody around here sure has a vacant mind."

Sometimes we should abide by Archibald MacLeish's reminder: "A poem should not mean / But be." [8] We are too prone to analyze and define, especially with small children. Who cares precisely what a "runcible spoon" is? [9] Does it really matter what "crown" Jack broke? [10] Are the goblins any spookier because you find out that the "roundabout" which they left behind was really the boy's underwear? [11] Convincing proof of this truth is the popularity of Dr. Seuss. His magic is in sound and in what he does to the imagination.

In this connection, the door can be opened in youth for future exploration of modern poetry. A little child will repeat gleefully, *anyone lived in a pretty how town / (With up so floating many bells down).*[12] A teen-ager will enjoy it sarcastically. But later on, it may appear as an old friend with meaning.

How do you, as a parent, go about infusing your child's life with poetry?

Well, you can cultivate your own love for it. Perhaps you have a mind stored full of words which you enjoy. Share them with your child. If your own earlier years were sparsely planted with poems, begin now. Your public library has anthologies through which you can browse. Volumes of every type and in every price range are on the shelves of your bookstore. Teachers may make suggestions. Poetry-appreciation classes are numerous in colleges and night schools.

Don't despair because you cannot begin yesterday; begin now! As Alice in Wonderland said, when the cross old Queen insisted on "Jam tomorrow, and jam yesterday —but never jam today": "It must come sometimes to 'jam today.'" [13]

When your child adds a thing of beauty to his memory, he is laying up a treasure on this earth, to be sure, but it is stored safely away where neither moth, rust, nor the pressures of this mortal life can steal or corrupt it.[14] □

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[3] *Psalms 121:1 KJV.*—Eds.

[4] *From* Chicago Poems *by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1916, by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. Copyright renewed, 1944, by Carl Sandburg. Reprinted by permission of Holt, Rinehart and Winston. Inc.*—Eds.

[5] *From* Endymion *by John Keats.*—Eds.

[6] *From* Julius Caesar, *Act III, Scene 2, Line 79, by William Shakespeare.*—Eds.

[7] *From* The Deserted Village, *Line 121, by Oliver Goldsmith.*—Eds.

[8] *From* Ars Poetica *by Archibald MacLeish, copyright by Houghton Mifflin Company. Reprinted by permission.*—Eds.

[9] They dined on mince, and slices of quince, / Which they ate with a runcible spoon. *From* The Owl and the Pussy-Cat *by Edward Lear.* —Eds.

[10] Jack fell down and broke his crown, / And Jill came tumbling after. *From* The Only True Mother Goose Melodies, *published by Munroe & Francis, Boston, 1833.*—Eds.

[11] But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout: / An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you / Ef you / Don't / Watch / Out! *From* Joyful Poems for Children *by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright © 1946, 1960, by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., reprinted by permission of the publishers.*—Eds.

[12] *From* anyone lived in a pretty how town, *from* Poems 1923-54 *by e. e. cummings, copyright, 1940, by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. Reprinted by permission.*—Eds.

[13] *From* Alice Through the Looking-Glass *by Lewis Carroll.*—Eds.

[14] *Matthew 6:19-20.*—Eds.

It's Spring Again!

Rain

I love a day
With rain, rain, rain
Crinkling down
My windowpane—
Ruffling puddles,
Kissing flowers.
Thank you, God,
For springtime showers.

—*Olive E. Guiney*

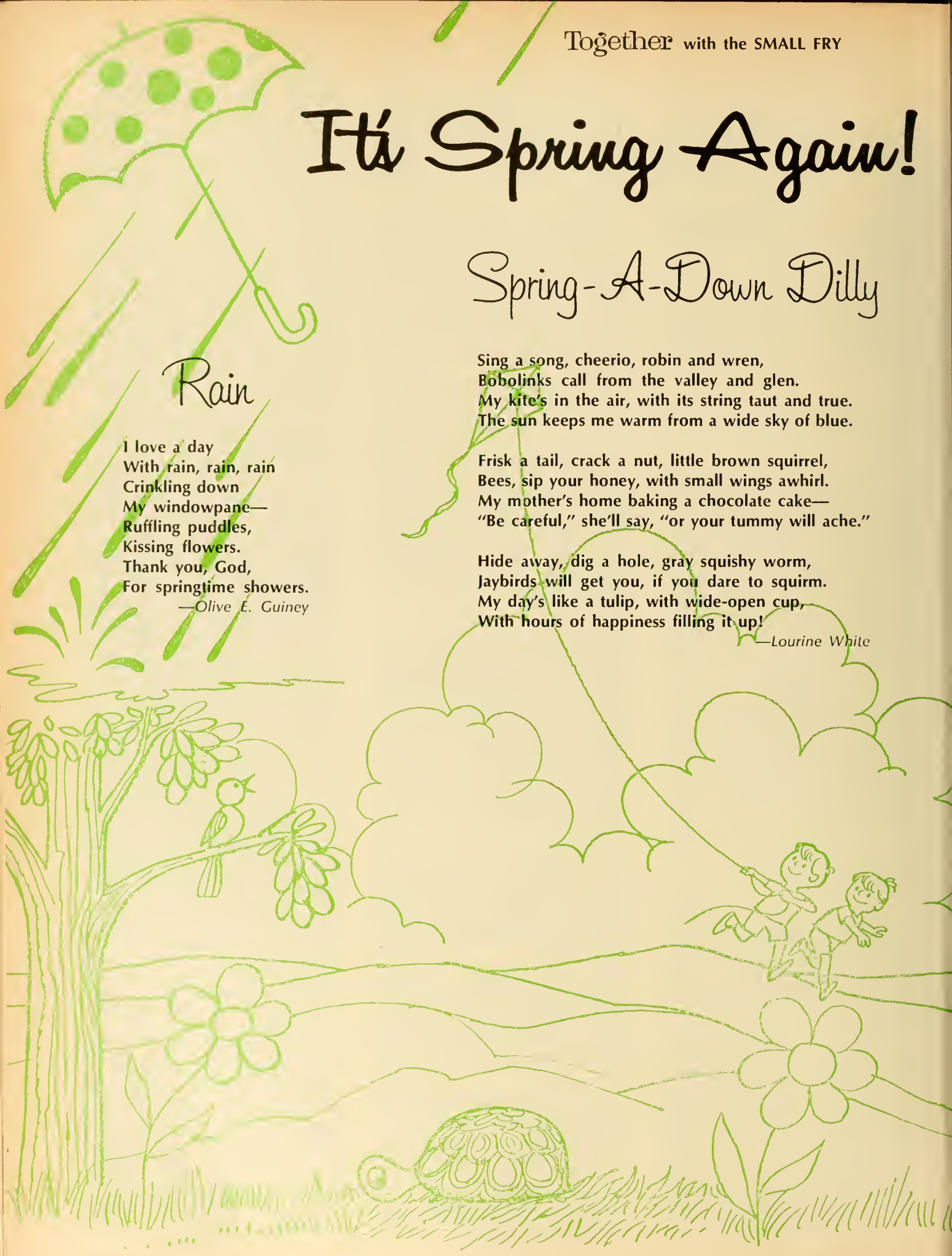
Spring-A-Down Dilly

Sing a song, cheerio, robin and wren,
Bobolinks call from the valley and glen.
My kite's in the air, with its string taut and true.
The sun keeps me warm from a wide sky of blue.

Frisk a tail, crack a nut, little brown squirrel,
Bees, sip your honey, with small wings awhirl.
My mother's home baking a chocolate cake—
"Be careful," she'll say, "or your tummy will ache."

Hide away, dig a hole, gray squishy worm,
Jaybirds will get you, if you dare to squirm.
My day's like a tulip, with wide-open cup,
With hours of happiness filling it up!

—*Lourine White*



The Gift

I could not picnic on the hill;
A cold kept me in bed.
When sister left, I cried until
My eyes were sore and red.

On her return, her arms were piled
With spring boughs from a tree
And soft wild roses. Then I smiled—
She'd brought the hill to me!

—*Jean Mergard*

Falling

When I am falling
I go THUMP,
But raindrops fall
Without a bump.

I guess if I were
Round and small,
I'd never feel
The bumps at all.

—*Solveig Paulson Russell*

Spending Time

There is no way to save a day,
To borrow one, or lend it.
But it can bring you lots of joy—
It's all in how you spend it!

—*Ida M. Pardue*

I Like

I like to run.
I like to rest.
I can't think what
I like the best.
I like to sleep.
I like to sing.
I guess I just like
Everything!

—*Gina Bell-Zano*

A Garden, A Garden

I'm going to make a garden,
A garden,
A garden.
I'm going to spade the garden
And plant things in a row.

I'm going to hoe the garden,
The garden,
The garden.
I'm going to tend it carefully
So God will make it grow.

—*Ruth Dana Pedersen*

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

Letters

More TV Listings, Please

STEPHEN J. CALLENDER
Storrs, Conn.

Please ask your TV columnist, Mr. David Poindexter, to give us much more guidance relative to the good programs, which we should put on our family and personal TV schedules.

He wasted two columns of his space in the March issue panning Bishop Kennedy. Perhaps that was easier than digging out good programs to pass on to many of us who need the program guidance of someone who is an expert in the field.

It would be a valuable service to thousands of TOGETHER subscribers if Mr. Poindexter were to help them find 30 outstanding programs a month!

Helpful Interpretations

PETER W. MOE, *Director*
Wesley Foundation, University of South Dakota
Vermillion, S.Dak.

Congratulations on publishing two fine articles pertaining to the campus: *New Status for Campus Ministries* [March, page 4] and *Those Revolting Students* [March, page 18]. Both are excellent and should be helpful in interpreting the problems, goals, and work of the Methodist campus ministry as it functions to meet the needs of college and university campuses across the nation.

The campus ministry can do its work best when it has the wholchearted support of the church. Your articles help to stimulate this support. Keep up the good work!

Most Students Are Sensible

J. LEWIS SCHANBACHER
Kokomo, Ind.

Referring to Robert McAfee Brown's excellent article, *Those Revolting Students,* I cannot refrain from pointing out that about 95 percent of our college students are sensibly and effectively working for a better society. It is only the radical fringe with whom we need to be concerned. They need to learn how to revolt without being revolting.

Nonconformity and protest are fine, but they must be coupled with positive, constructive programs for social improvement. Wild-eyed hippies may adopt way-out patterns of dress, manners, and mores as symbols of revolt against contemporary society, but all they really do is get front-page news stories, their suspected true aim. Groups of long-haired beatniks may demonstrate noisily and even violently against things as they are, but all they really accomplish is to prove that they do not have the capacity for patient constructive planning.

Probably the worst mistake of which the older generation is guilty was of bearing so many offspring that we now have to resort to computer-card programming for their education. College students today are at precisely the proper age to determine not to make this same error.

We hopefully challenge them to make this a better world, but we think they will find infinite patience, hard work, and long-range dedication are required.

Oswald Was Under 30

C. B. CRAMER
Los Altos, Calif.

In *Those Revolting Students* on page 19, Robert McAfee Brown quotes Bill Ward's indictment of the older generation, including this phrase: "You assassinated Kennedy. . . ."

The fact is that Lee Harvey Oswald scarcely had turned 24, six years short of the ominous 30. President Kennedy was a decade and a half into the never-to-be-trusted generation.

There are other points in the indictment that need working over, but the point is that irresponsible charges against generalities cloud the fact that we have problems that can be solved only when we realize that they are *our* problems and we must solve them together.

Students Want Discipline

FRANKLIN GROOMES
Menlo, Iowa

New Status for Campus Ministries brings much food for thought. Are today's students "turned off" by traditional programs and methods or by the lack of enthusiasm and faith that should permeate our Bible classes and church services? In the study which you reported, Methodist students admitted that their religious practices had declined. Are they too busy for social life, demonstrations, and cocktail parties?

Students, like young children who have never been disciplined, hunger for some discipline of thought to govern action. Is the campus church giving it? Is the church to cater to popular trends—or hold up firmly and helpfully the basic standards of Christian truth?

Methodism has some disciplines to teach youths which some other churches do not. To minister adequately to Methodist students, our campus churches must teach not God in the abstract "Word become Word," but "Word that became flesh and dwelt among us." When the campus ministry begins to do this, a change of atmosphere may come to our campuses, demonstrated by a return to cleaner living.

All Mankind to Blame

DAN H. CARMICHAEL
San Antonio, Texas

I was greatly disappointed and somewhat annoyed by W. W. Reid's article *The White Man's Curse* [February, page 17]. Let me emphasize that I am 100 percent with him that ". . . every boy of every race is entitled to life . . ." and that the death of *any* person as a result of military struggle, whether soldier, civilian, adult, or child, is a tragedy that cannot be taken lightly. I also agree that all men are the children of the creator and thereby brothers under the fatherhood of God.

It seems to me, however, that Mr. Reid has overlooked one important fact: the majority of mankind has not yet reached that state of Christian perfection in which it is willing to settle disputes without armed conflict. As a result, individuals, groups, and even governments sometimes find themselves forced to choose between alternatives which are not of their own making and which they would prefer to avoid.

I think Mr. Reid is grossly unfair to our military field commanders when he implies that they take lightly the loss of any of their men. I object also to Mr. Reid's allegation that, as a matter of national policy, we have adopted a philosophy which does not recognize "the humanity and value" of other men and that this is a philosophy peculiar to the white man. Such a statement ignores the facts of human history.

This it not to condone this attitude at all; it is deplorable and should be resisted with all our might. But let us lay the blame where it rightfully belongs—on *all* mankind, not just on the white man.

Communists Not God's Children

C. M. BACON, *Chaplain*
La Jolla Convalescent Hospital
La Jolla, Calif.

I have read *The White Man's Curse* with many reservations. However, I doubt if my conservative approach will get space in your liberal paper.

All the world is divided into three classes of people: those who are converted and accept Christ as their personal savior, those who have rejected Christ and the Holy Spirit, and those who have not made a decision either way.

The Communists have rejected God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit. How can they then be followers of the kingdom of God and children of God? Christ himself called those who opposed him "sons of the evil one."

Those who deny God and Christ and approve teachings that would destroy the church of Jesus Christ are not my brothers! This has nothing to do with race or color, only belief in the Holy Trinity.

God's Right, Not Man's

MRS. R. B. DYSART
Bloomsburg, Pa.

It gave me a great thrill of hope and satisfaction to see the thoughts of my own heart put into words by W. W. Reid in *The White Man's Curse*.

We are sowing the seeds of our own destruction with our casual attitude on the death of the enemy and the "minimal" casualties of our own boys. Have we come to think of the Viet Cong guerrillas as gorillas, not men? Are our hearts never touched by all this loss, heartbreak, and needless suffering? When war comes, out go our Christian consciences!

As the writer points out, we seem to think that a number of American youth are expendable so long as the adversary loses a considerably larger number. But to me no one is expendable except by the hand of God.

When man takes God's rights upon himself, he sins.

Theology for Social Change

EDWARD DeWEESE, JR., *Pastor*
Parkway Heights Methodist Church
Hattiesburg, Miss.

Let me thank you for the article on *Walter Rauschenbusch: The Social Gospel* [March, page 62]. This will help provide a solid theology for our church's dealing with the Christian attempt at social change.

I was most grateful for its solid content, its logical presentation, and its Christian approach. It will be good for us ministers and laymen alike to reacquaint ourselves with the theology of this great man.

Leviticus Has the Answer

MRS. CLARON H. GOVE
Roseburg, Oreg.

Regarding the "problem" in March *Teens Together* [page 44]: Since when did counseling and understanding replace the law? I refer these people to Leviticus 18:22-30 and 20:13. It should indicate how God feels about it.

Not the Proper Forum

HENRY G. GALLOWAY, *Pastor*
Plantation Methodist Church
Plantation, Fla.

Our church members read TOGETHER with great interest, and we appreciate the fact that some articles are controversial and will meet with varying degrees of criticism. Dr. Dale White's discussion of homosexuality in his *Teens Together* column for March is one of these articles.

Many preteen children read TOGETHER and are drawn to the *Teens Together* section. "How do you explain homosexuality to a 10-year-old?" This question was put to me by a mother whose young daughter had read the March article. This is a family of spiritual depth and an up-to-date appreciation of the world about them.

I feel that an error in judgment has used a family magazine as a forum for discussion of homosexuality. There is no possible way that we could control the use of TOGETHER articles, not that we should want to. In this case, the mother gave a very adequate answer to her daughter. We wonder, however, how many kids read the material but said nothing to their parents. More problems may have been created than helped in this instance.

TOGETHER's editors asked Dr. White to respond to Pastor Galloway's comments. Here is what he said:

"It is hard these days to screen young eyes and ears from realities of the world. Magazines found in every living room contain articles of disturbing frankness. Television, too, brings vivid images into every home.

"Shall we go through all the magazines and cut out certain pages? Or

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put a lock on the TV switch? This might not help much since the children at school will be giggling over the latest revelation and using their own slang words for matters adults think they have hidden.

"It seems more realistic to exercise reasonable caution, answer children's questions simply and frankly, provide responsible analyses scaled to appropriate ages—and keep the aspirin bottle handy."

More Teens Are Reading

ROBERT B. FEHLMAN, *Pastor*
Point Loma Methodist Church
San Diego, Calif.

Let me cast an enthusiastic vote of support for the *Teens Together* column under the editorship of Dale White. He has made it a very lively and honest section of your magazine.

How refreshing to get away from the "I'm sorry . . ." and the pat answers that issued from almost every question asked, to the realization that there are many issues where there are no easy answers and where, in fact, we adults may learn something from young people's searchings. Youths are reading this section as they did not before—a pretty fair measure of relevance.

A Salute to Heroes

DENNIS OAKES
Anderson, Ind.

I would like to express my deep appreciation for the article *Thanks a Lot!* [March, page 41]. I regret that it is true that we are too busy in our own small lives to salute a fallen war hero who gave his life in defense of America.

Quite truly, I expected to find a plea for withdrawal from Viet Nam in your article, but all I could uncover was gratitude to a fine young American who died so that we might live free from communist slavery. I, too, would like to say thanks to all valiant young men in Viet Nam.

A Common Emotion

ROBERT W. WALKER, *Pastor*
Tyner Methodist Church
Chattanooga, Tenn.

I am deeply appreciative of the article *Thanks a Lot!* by Bob W. Brown. Regardless of how one feels about Viet Nam, the element of emotion and concern for human personality is expressed in a way we sometimes forget.

Military Brainwashing

MRS. F. E. HOFFER
Plymouth, Ind.

If all our pastors are becoming as brainwashed and misled by military propaganda as the man who wrote *Thanks a Lot!* we should pray for the ministry of our church.

Where are the church and its leaders when politicians and statesmen are making the decisions on world problems today? Is it too much to ask that our ministers preach the Christian doctrine of peace and brotherhood?

Politicians may not have the answers, but Christians should. Ministers who have not found the answers should reexamine the New Testament, and their works should go unpublished until they have a worthwhile contribution to make.

When we as a so-called Christian nation condone war, we have lost all sense of purpose in adhering to the Christian faith.

An Unasked-For Answer

MRS. JAMES A. NELSON
Pontiac, Ill.

The article *Should We Have Told Him?* by Dorothy T. Boynton [February, page 44] had a strong impact on our family. In November, 1965, our four-year-old daughter was diagnosed as having acute leukemia. Like the Boyntons, we did not tell her, nor did we tell her brother, then just three. In our small town, the news spread rapidly, and we soon realized how many people are willing to give you moral support if you will accept it.

My husband is a dentist and I am a registered nurse. However, we needed more than encouragement because we knew what the ravages of this illness could be. We did find something to give us support: prayer.

We never asked for a cure, feeling that to ask God for something we considered impossible would only shatter our faith later. But we did ask for strength for ourselves to be able to continue living and help our daughter

"You're lucky. When it rains you can swim in your basement."

face what we knew would be ahead of her.

Not only was this prayer answered but something much more. Perhaps because we did not ask for the impossible, the impossible happened. Today our daughter appears to be a very normal five-year-old. We don't know that she is cured, but she has not had a relapse since the diagnosis was made. She soon will be off medication.

A day does not pass that we do not thank God for his unasked-for gift.

Cigarette Menace Is Real

H. A. HANKE, *Professor*
Asbury College
Wilmore, Ky.

I want to express sincere appreciation to the publisher of TOGETHER for the space contribution to the American Cancer Society on page 69 of the February issue. I hope more space will be given to publicizing the dangers of cigarette smoking.

Our Methodist Church has responded courageously to many moral issues over the years. I wish that we could raise our voice, both individually and collectively, against the cigarette health menace and its deceptive advertising. Every informed person knows that medical experts all have come to the conclusion that cigarette smoking causes lung cancer and other diseases—and this beyond a doubt.

Several countries have enacted severe restrictive legislation on cigarette advertising. England, Italy, Canada, and Denmark have such laws. Let us all write our lawmakers in Washington requesting action along these lines. Perhaps a march would be in order.

Reactions Were Emotional

ARNOLD EUGENE JENNY
Medford, Oregon

Several letters in your February and March issues are typical of the reactions from "gun-happy" men each time anyone points out the menace of freely available and recklessly used guns and the indisputable need for federal laws to control their sale and ownership.

Stanley S. Jacobs did a fine job of pointing out that menace in his article, *They've Helped Make America Gun-Happy* [December, 1966, page 29]. The critics obviously reacted emotionally instead of intelligently and soberly.

Quaint but utterly illogical is the National Rifle Association's argument, parroted by your critics, that it is not the gun but its use by criminals that needs to be controlled. But they conveniently ignore the simple and obvious fact that it is precisely the easy availability of guns that makes irresponsible persons dangerous, be they criminals, juveniles, mentally or emotionally disturbed individuals. Access to guns needs to be controlled as much as the sale of drugs, impure foods, and unsafe cars.

Author Jacobs Was Kind

BRUCE D. RAHTJEN, *Asst. Prof.*
Saint Paul School of Theology—Methodist
Kansas City, Mo.

May I offer a belated but heartfelt word of appreciation for *They've Helped Make America Gun-Happy.*

Whenever I read an article of this sort, I say to myself, "Surely the author has exaggerated the attitudes and arguments of National Rifle Association members. No one could be as silly as these people are portrayed." After reading the angry replies in your February and March issues, I fear I owe your author an apology. He did not exaggerate but was exceptionally kind to the opponents of firearms-control legislation!

An Easter Blessing

MRS. SALLY R. JOY
Augusta, Maine

I am writing in response to Grace Custer's *Services for Shut-ins* [March, page 60]. Of my own Easter memories, none is more pleasant than those of the year our Y-Teen Club voted to bring a bit of sunshine to patients in a nursing home. Our budget could not afford lilies, so we decided on rosebuds for each of the ladies.

It was a cold drizzly morning, but our spirits were far from dampened. We bundled up and started out.

None of us, I am sure, ever will forget the looks on the dear old faces as we said, "We have a little Easter gift for you."

One bedridden patient bid me come close, grasped my hand, and said, "God bless you, child." He did. I am blessed with precious memories of what Christian love can do.

Aid to Decision-Making

MR. and MRS. O. F. CARTER
Holdenville, Okla.

It was with considerable disbelief and sadness that we viewed the picture of Dr. Franklin H. Littell and his diagram of right-wing organizations in your March issue [*News,* page 11].

If Dr. Littell and his group are so engrossed in protecting "the democratic middle ground," why do you not show the orbit of left-wing organizations? Or would it be a bit embarrassing to have the World and National Councils of Churches listed among them?

These men should be shaking in their boots to be judging the efforts of dedicated Christians who make up the membership of these "extreme" right-wing groups. For 20 centuries truly dedicated Christians have been termed

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radical and extreme. We would rather apply for admission at the pearly gates with those credentials than having been "the democratic middle ground."

Your article was very timely. In a month or so, the church finance campaign will be upon us, and this has helped us to make the decision not to sign the pledge card. Our contribution can be used to better advantage elsewhere. Thank you for helping us to make this decision.

Children Accept Death

MRS. ALF CHRISTENSEN
Georgetown, Calif.

Barbara T. Smith's experience told in *Death Was a Spooky Stranger* [March, page 22] reminded me so much of something which happened in our family last summer.

My five-year-old daughter often played with a little friend at his grandparents' home so she knew the grandparents well. Suddenly, the grandfather died of a heart attack, and when she learned of it, she asked many questions.

Living next door to the church, she had been aware of funerals, but this death was different. It was someone she knew and had spoken to just the day before. She was quite upset by the idea of death.

The day after the funeral she was picking flowers in our garden and found one dead on the stem. She looked at it for a while then said, "Everything has to die sometime. Do trees die, too?"

Yes, her father explained, they, too, die, even though they live longer than flowers. She thought for a while longer, then said, "People are like flowers and trees. Some live longer and some die sooner."

With that her grief ended; she has not mentioned death again. It is something natural now, not something unknown and forbidding.

Searching for Answers, Too

ENNIS COALE, *Pastor*
Community Methodist Parish
Sunapee, N.H.

Congratulations on Carol M. Doig's color pictorial *Skiing: Prototype in the New Leisure* [February, page 32].

Not only are the pictures great, but the text has just enough of the searching-for-answers attitude of this new kind of ministry in recreational areas.

Our Newport-Sunapee Clergy (four denominations) is in its second year of sponsoring a nine-week Lake Sunapee summer ministry and a 13-weekend Mount Sunapee ski ministry. I'm working on a study of tourism and Protestantism in New Hampshire and would be most grateful to any of your readers who could tell me about leisure ministries in their part of the country. I know of the National Parks Ministry, of course.

Young Skier Identified

MRS. JOSEPH R. MATSEN
Bellevue, Wash.

We can identify one of the young skiers at Snoqualmie Pass on page 36 of your February issue. The girl in the lower left corner is our Ellen, age six years.

Along with Bishop Everett Palmer, we have been concerned about those who feel that communing with nature is a sufficient acknowledgment of God's and the church's existence. But if your photographer snapped Ellen on the one Sunday we took to the mountains in the winter of 1966, I will offer no apologies. That was the year her father had a term as chairman of our church's board of trustees, chairman of the pastoral-relations committee, legal adviser to the building committee, and lay member of the Pacific Northwest Conference!

Not the Best Example

MRS. R. R. ROSS
Ingleside, Texas

I cannot believe it! I have just read *Confessions of a Church-School Teacher* by Neal Ashby in your February issue [page 26].

Are there still Methodist churches where boys and girls are divided into separate classes? How much more wholesome and natural to have Mr. Ashby's seven boys and seven or eight girls and another teacher in a group-teaching situation. And award pins! They have been recognized as questionable as educational technique for years.

Yes, we do need more men teachers. But the reason does not lie in their superior strength or skill in being "an authority figure." We need men who are articulate in the Christian faith and can relate to boys *and* girls.

I hate to see TOGETHER imply that Mr. Ashby's class is an example of good teaching. It sums up the kind of teaching our trained educators have been trying to lead us away from for years.

His Bibles All 'Distorted'

LAURENCE H. FITZGERALD
Whittier, Calif.

In his February column [see *Your Faith and Your Church,* page 50], Bishop Nall answers the question, "Did Jesus teach Baptism?" by saying: "Whether he taught or practiced it does not appear from the biblical record (except where Scripture is distorted) . . ."

Bishop Nall and I do not read alike or else my copies of the Bible (King James and Revised Standard) are "distorted."

John 3:22 says, "After this Jesus and his disciples went into the land of Judea; there he remained with them and baptized." This statement is seemingly contradicted in John 4:2: "(although Jesus himself did not baptize, but only his disciples)," but this could be explained by considering that Jesus had too many converts to baptize each one himself, so assigned the duty to his disciples. Certainly Jesus would not have permitted his disciples to baptize if he did not approve.

One Resource Missing

WOODROW W. WILLIAMS
Columbus Grove, Ohio

Your article *Keepers of the Poor* [March, page 17] prompts me to ask a question that has been nagging me ever since I first saw mention of the study theme *Affluence and Poverty: Dilemma for Christians.*

I am wondering if any of those learned souls who are wrestling with this problem ever heard of the book with such a similar name, written almost a century ago: *Progress and Poverty* by Henry George, subtitled *An Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions, and of Increasing Want Amidst Advancing Wealth.*

This book is an all-time best seller among books on economics. It is perhaps the only book on economics ending with a declaration of religious convictions by the author.

When I first saw the mission study theme announced, I thought surely I would soon see *Progress and Poverty* mentioned among resource books on this problem. Alas, it seems that none of those active in this study ever has heard of it. I'm sure they might find some help in it.

Progress and Poverty *is currently available, published by Modern Library for $1.95.*—EDITORS

Seeds of Peace

MRS. GRACE A. REED
Sedalia, Mo.

Your article *A Waste of Money!* [February, page 29] could very well contain the seeds of permanent peace for this war-torn globe.

"A little child shall lead them," we are told. Perhaps this prophecy is at least partially fulfilled in the visitation of the most impressionable of youth—these fourth, fifth, and sixth-graders from Japan to our shores.

If we can continue the exchange of these younger, open-minded students, help them to interchange ideas, learn to understand each other's national heritage, mutual respect might keep on building until it cannot be destroyed by barbaric warfare.

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